HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIII.—No. 658.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1869. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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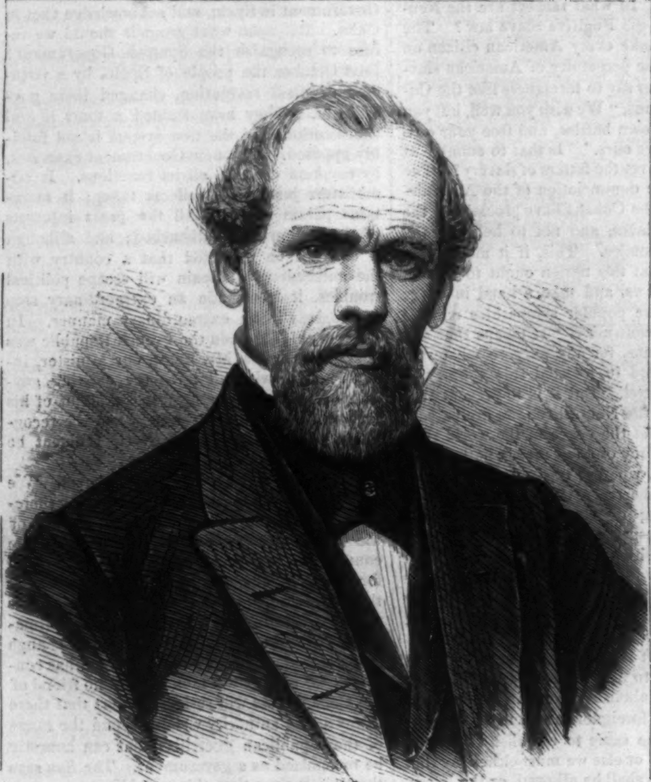


THE LATE JOHN A. ROEBLING.

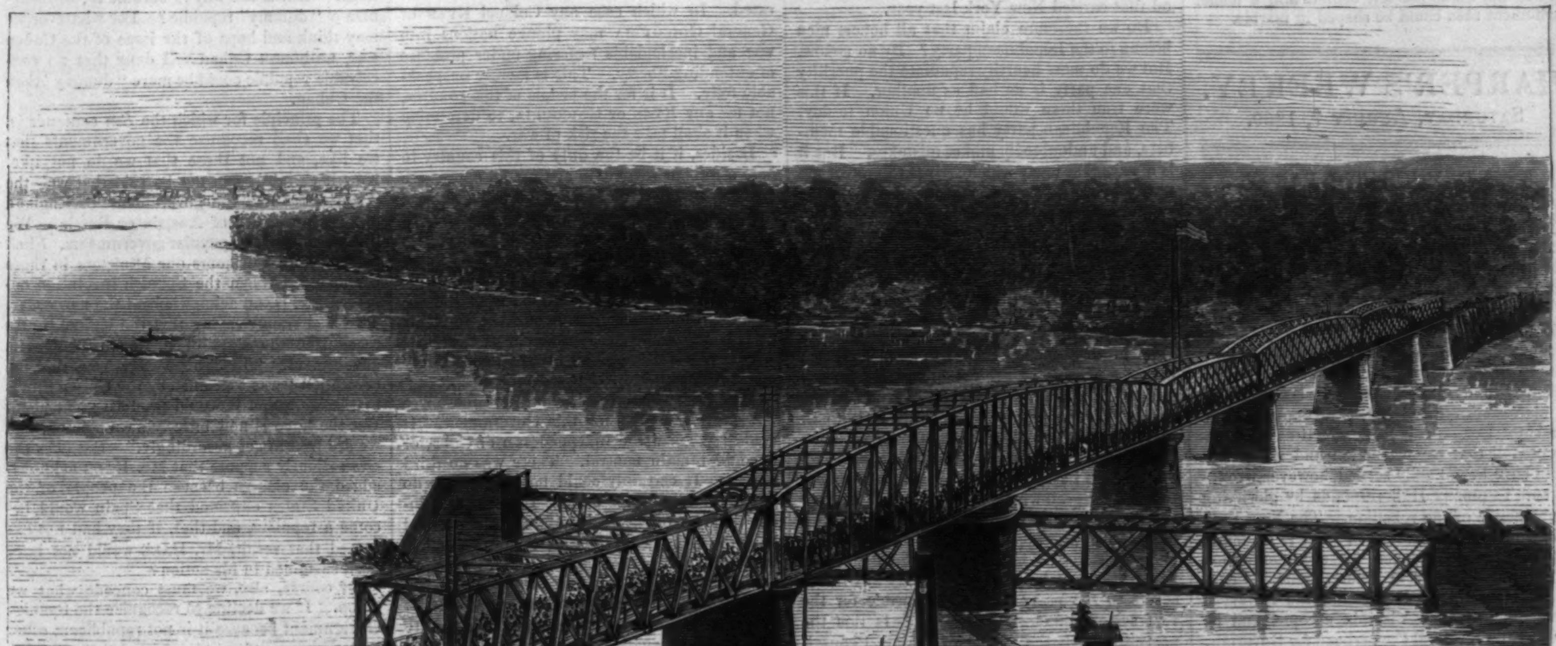
## JOHN A. ROEBLING.

JOHN A. ROEBLING, known as the bridge-builder, and regarded as the most talented engineer of the age in that department of his profession, died at Brooklyn on the morning of July 22. His death indirectly resulted from an injury which he had received three weeks previous at the Fulton Ferry slip, when his foot was crushed between the cross-beam of the dock and a float which was entering the slip.

JOHN A. ROEBLING was born on the 12th of June, 1806, in the city of Muhlhausen, in Thuringia, Prussia. His academical studies were pursued in his native city, and on their completion he was sent to the Royal Polytechnic School at Berlin, where he received the degree of Civil Engineer after an unusually brilliant scholastic career. During the next three years he was engaged in superintending Government works in Westphalia.

At the age of twenty-five he came to this country, and settling in the neighborhood of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, devoted himself to agricultural pursuits. The country at that time had just entered upon the grand progressive career which has since brought forth such mighty results. In nearly all of the States canal and slackwater improvements were projected or in progress, so that

HON. H. T. BLOW, U. S. MINISTER TO BRAZIL. PHOT. BY ROCKWOOD.—[SEE P. 503.]



THE KANSAS CITY BRIDGE, MISSOURI. PHOTOGRAPHED BY RAGAN & WINANS, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.—[SEE PAGE 500.]

when Mr. Roebling, wearied with the monotony of a farmer's life, sought to enter again upon the profession for which he had prepared himself, he experienced no difficulty in obtaining an engagement. For some years he was employed in canal-work; but in the mean while the age had advanced another step, and the old-time canal was forced to give way to the new idea, the railroad. The State of Pennsylvania at this time projected several great railway enterprises, and in the service of that State the subject of this sketch spent three years, surveying and locating three lines across the Alleghany Mountains, from Harrisburg to Pittsburg. Of these the line which was ultimately constructed is now known as the Pennsylvania Railway, and was built by the company having that title, and not by the State. Having completed his surveys Mr. Roebling commenced the manufacture of wire rope, producing the first of that fabric that was ever made in the country. The introduction of these ropes on the inclined planes of the old Portage Railroad, over which the canal-boats of the Pennsylvania Canal were transported, was attended with much difficulty and met with much opposition. In 1844 he commenced a suspension aqueduct over the Alleghany River at Pittsburg. This was completed early in 1845, and such was its success that Mr. Roebling was engaged to construct the Monongahela Suspension Bridge, connecting Pittsburg with Sligo. In 1848 Mr. Roebling commenced a series of suspension aqueducts on the line of the Delaware and Hudson Canal, connecting the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania with the tide-water of the Hudson River. They were completed within two years, and are all permanent works, needing merely an occasional renewal of the wooden ducts, which decay from the action of the water. It was soon after the completion of these works that Mr. Roebling removed his residence to Trenton, New Jersey.

In 1851 Mr. Roebling undertook to build a suspension bridge across the Niagara, to connect the Central Railroad of New York and the Great Western Railway of Canada, and in four years succeeded in constructing the first suspension bridge capable of bearing the immense weight of railroad locomotives and trains. The span of this bridge is 825 feet clear, and its supports are four 10-inch cables. Mr. Roebling, while the Niagara Bridge was building, was also engaged on another of even greater magnitude. This was to have crossed the Kentucky River, on the line of the Cincinnati and Chattanooga Railroad, with a space of 1224 feet; but before the structure had been completed the Company suspended payment, and the work was discontinued. In the fall of 1856 he commenced the great Cincinnati Bridge, whose span is 1030 feet, and, after having been forced to suspend operations for several years on account of financial drawbacks, brought it to a successful completion in 1867. In the interim, from 1858 to 1860 inclusive, he was engaged on another suspension bridge at Pittsburg. The last and greatest work of Mr. Roebling was that on which he was engaged up to the time of his death—the East River Bridge. He had before his death prepared all the plans and made most of the arrangements for the construction of the bridge. Mr. Roebling won the love and respect of all who knew him, and in his works has left behind him a nobler monument than could be shaped in marble.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, August 7, 1869.

## THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

The recent result in Virginia shows plainly enough the dilemma of the old Democratic party, which is confirmed by its action in the Northern States. It has hitherto held tenaciously not only to what it calls the inferiority of the negro, but to its refusal to allow him political equality. But upon this very point the party is now divided. In Virginia the Democratic vote is cast solid for negro suffrage. In California and Ohio negro suffrage is denounced. In Massachusetts Judge J. G. Abbott, one of the chief Democratic leaders, writes to Tammany Hall that reconstruction and negro suffrage have been finally settled, however wrongly, and Tammany Hall responds by glorifying the principle of the rebellion. The New York *World* urges acquiescence in what is evidently accomplished, and hopes for the nomination of General Hancock in Pennsylvania. Pennsylvania replies by denouncing the Fifteenth Amendment, which Virginia accepts, and by nominating a typical Copperhead for Governor. The Ohio Democracy virtually declares for repudiation, and the Iowa for the strict letter of the contract. The party agrees only in vague denunciations of "despotism" and "centralization" and "tyranny" and "unscrupulous majorities," which, as it knows, mean nothing, and furnish no issues for an election.

This condition of affairs merely illustrates the old truth that the Northern Democratic party was an instrument used wholly by Southern leaders for Southern purposes. During the last ten years it has had but one moment of apparent revival, and that was at the opening of the last Presidential campaign. The reason was, that the Southern leaders returned for that occasion from rebellion to the control of the party. The result was its defeat, despite its desperate frauds in New York, Pennsylvania, and Indiana. But now that the Southern leaders have again withdrawn, the party drifts and drivels among its old dogmas, wholly unable to confront the situation and to adapt itself to the utterly changed aspect of affairs. It is paying the penalty of its old subserviency to Southern mastery. That mastery forbade independence and rewarded the meanest servility. It humiliated Dix and Douglas, and promoted Pierce and Buchanan.

As a national party, professing certain great principles and advocating a distinct policy, the Democratic party does not exist; but as an organization for place and plunder it is still powerful. It is the camp of all the discontented and disaffected. It relies upon ignorance and passion, and watches eagerly for the mistakes of the party in power. While its Northern wing fears to alienate its Southern by accepting equal rights, the Southern wing proclaims them and sneers at its Northern allies. Such is the ludicrous and pitiful dilemma of those allies that there can be no doubt, if the Northern conventions had been held after the result in Virginia had been fully considered, they would all have followed the lead of its indication, and have done what Judge Abbott advised Tammany Hall to do. With what profound contempt a man like Wade Hampton must watch the flabby political feebleness of his old lackeys!

Meanwhile an organized party intent upon obtaining power at all hazards is to be carefully watched also by those who know in what way it hopes to gratify its desires. By the stupid system of electing a President, to which we still pertinaciously cling, the most important of all elections is especially exposed to fraud. The real Presidential campaign is now always conducted in three or four States whose vote is decisive. Last year the battle-ground of the Presidency was New York, Pennsylvania, and Indiana. The electoral vote in these States might have decided the result against immense popular majorities elsewhere. Thus the election of the President is not necessarily the expression of the popular will.

The Democratic managers would hardly expect, under any circumstances, to poll an actual majority of the votes cast at the next national election; but they have shown, in the States mentioned, how they will not scruple to attempt to carry the electoral vote. Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jun., in his striking paper before the Social Science Association, at Albany, last winter, shows that ten thousand majority for the Seymour electoral ticket in New York had the same legal influence upon the result as one hundred and sixty thousand majority for the Grant electoral ticket in Illinois, Massachusetts, and Vermont. It is notorious that that majority was fraudulent. The methods are known. The chief method was a system of dishonest naturalization, of which Tammany Hall was the head-quarters. The Democratic party every where opposes any scheme for purifying the ballot-box; and its reliance for the next general election is a concentration and development in a few States of the method that carried New York last year.

Do we therefore claim that all honest men belong to the Republican party? By no means. But we do most heartily repudiate the puerility that one party is as bad as another. If this were true there would be no Union to-day. The Republican party has questionable members, and undoubtedly makes mistakes. But it is always that party which strives to protect the purity of the polls, and which relies upon the intelligence and conscience of the country. The great frauds which have been practiced or attempted upon the expression of the honest will of the people can not be charged to the Republican party; they are identified with their opponents.

As a party of principles, then, we repeat, the Democratic party has ceased to be formidable; but as a conspiracy against honest elections it still challenges the vigilance of every man who values true popular government. It is to be remembered that all who justify the rebellion and pledge the "lost cause"—all who would repudiate the national debt and dishonor the national name—all who disbelieve in popular government—all who would perpetuate hostilities of race—all who oppose a registry and its strict enforcement—the ignorant and the dangerous part of the population—instinctively ally themselves to the party that is responsible for the vast system of electoral frauds. Is this the party to which the people of Maine, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Iowa wish to confide the welfare of their States?

## OUR NEUTRAL DUTIES.

In the month of May, 1793, a French privateer, fitted out in Charleston, South Carolina, brought a British prize into the port of Philadelphia. President Washington, upon the advice of Hamilton, directed the arrest of the officers in charge, Henfield and Singletary. The sale of the prize was stopped, and it was held by the Government until the lawful owner could prove his title. Henfield, says Mr. George Bemis, in his admirable and instructive pamphlet upon American Neutrality, "was energetically and thoroughly prosecuted;" and the President commended the subject to Congress in his next annual address, and his recommendation resulted in the passage of the law of 1794. When Henfield and Singletary were arrested, Genet, the Minister of the French Republic, wrote to Mr. Jefferson, then Secretary of State, an offensive letter, demanding their immediate release. Genet said:

> "The crime laid to their charge—the crime which my mind can not conceive, and which my pen almost refuses to state—is the serving of France, and defending, with her children, the common and glorious cause of liberty."

To this letter Mr. Jefferson replied with coolness and dignity, saying, in speaking of Henfield:

> "The act with which he is charged will be examined by a jury of his countrymen in the presence of judges of learning and integrity, and if it is not contrary to the laws of the land, no doubt need be entertained that his case will issue accordingly."

The kind of amazement manifested by Genet is reported to have been also expressed by General Goicouria when he was lately arrested for a similar offense; while the Administration, for enforcing the Neutrality laws, is denounced in some quarters as not less detestable than the authorities that enforced the old Fugitive Slave law. In what respect are the Neutrality laws like the Fugitive Slave law? The latter tried to make every American citizen an accomplice in the perpetuity of American slavery. The former say to foreigners like the Cubans or the Cretans, "We wish you well, but you must fight your own battles, and free your own slaves, as we have ours." Is that to connive at despotism and rivet the fetters of slavery? The argument in the denunciation of the Administration is, that the Cubans have proclaimed the liberty of the slaves, and not to help them is to help their enemies. This, if it means any thing, means that this nation ought to abolish its Neutrality laws, and take a hand in every war in which the popular sympathies may be enlisted. It means more. It means that any number of persons, for any purpose whatever, should be allowed to embroil this country in any foreign quarrel. But it is to prevent that very thing that the Neutrality laws are passed. They provide that the peace of the world shall not be at the mercy of a few men, whether honest or dishonest, whether intriguing for slavery or striking for liberty. "The rule which prohibits the using of neutral territory," says Cairnes, in censuring the escape of the *Alabama*, "as a position from which to attack an enemy, is simply indispensable to the existence of neutrality. Without it a war between any two states must rapidly draw into its vortex the whole world."

It is plain that if some foreigners or natives may be allowed to fit out hostile expeditions in this country to abolish slavery in other countries, then other foreigners and natives must be allowed to do the same to establish slavery in other countries; or else we must either say that the former alone shall be allowed, or the latter, or neither. But if we say the former, who shall decide? Of course, those who are interested. In which case any Colonel Ryan or General Goicouria may plunge nations into war and incalculable suffering under pretense of extending liberty. This is merely unspeakable folly. It is for the people of this country, not for any Ryan or Goicouria, to determine when it shall take the risk of war.

Besides, if it be the duty of this country to help a foreign revolution against an oppressive government, it is no less its duty to originate revolutions against oppressive governments. If a people too weak to overthrow a despotism rightfully demands our assistance, how much more a people too weak even to begin to overthrow it? Indeed, there is no end of the absurdities into which such a position conducts us. It is, in fact, the principle of the Holy Alliance. It destroys all international comity and relegates the world to barbarism.

When the Cuban revolution began there was but one alternative for this Government. It could recognize the independence of Cuba, or it could remain neutral. There was no third course. It certainly could not pretend to do one and really do the other. If it was of opinion that we ought to interfere for Cuba and help the revolution, then its honorable course was plain. If it thought otherwise, its honorable course was no less so. Above all things, the Government was not to lie and sneak. It was to execute the laws in good faith, or to adopt the alternative which was open to it. Now ought it to have recognized the independence of Cuba? The revolution began last October. The Cubans have won no decisive battle; they hold no port; they have no recognized civil authority known to us; the struggle has been a guerrilla warfare of which we have only vague rumors. We all know, indeed, that the Cuban government of Spain was brutal; but we did not think it our duty to overthrow it. Now that the Spaniards themselves have overthrown it at home, is it our duty to interfere in Cuba upon the plea that the old government was oppressive? And must we then proceed to inquire into the character of other governments to determine whether they shall be allowed to continue?

We do not believe that the people of this country wish to imitate the French Republic of the old Revolution, and undertake the active propagandism of liberal government. They see with pleasure and sympathy and admiration the efforts of other people to do what they have themselves done; but they know that human liberty and progress and welfare are most surely secured by the traditional policy of the country, that of honest neutrality, which reserves the discretion of open and efficient assistance at the proper time. And if the sympathy of this country for the Cubans has seemed to be lately chilled, it is due to the mistaken zeal of those Cuban advocates who insist that it is a heinous crime not to renounce that policy, and who bitterly denounce as blood-hounds those officers of the United States who faithfully execute the laws maintaining that policy—laws which, unlike the old fugitive law, are not in themselves wrong, but whose purpose is most civilized and humane.

## DE FACTO GOVERNMENTS.

The *Sun*, which is the devoted friend of the Cuban revolution, recently suggested that the Administration should decline to recognize the Government in Spain, and acknowledge that in Cuba. But upon what grounds should we refuse to recognize the Spanish Government? Last October the people of Spain, by a virtually bloodless revolution, changed their government. They have framed a most liberal Constitution, and the new system is not forcibly opposed. The new Government exercises, by common consent, all its functions. It administers justice; it collects taxes; it maintains public order. All the great interests of the nation are undisturbed; and although it can not be expected that a country with the antecedents of Spain will escape political troubles, it has made an extraordinary step of progress in an extraordinary manner. In February, 1848, when the French Republic was declared in Paris, Mr. Rush, our Minister, instantly acknowledged it as the existing government. There was no just complaint of his action. But if it were proper, can the recognition of the actual Spanish Government be improper?

Such a recognition is not an approval. We send a Minister to Turkey; but do we therefore approve the principle or the practices of the Turkish Government? Not at all. We concede to every people the right that we claim for ourselves, of changing their government at their pleasure. But in Cuba the situation is wholly different, as we have elsewhere intimated. Instead of a sudden and peaceful change of government there is a contest which has continued for nine or ten months, and no friend of the Cuban cause will seriously assert that there is any active authority visible beyond the range of the republican guerrillas that can honestly be recognized as a government. The *Sun* says that "it is time that this republic were something more than a dummy in the family of nations." But is the way to become so, to recognize a "dummy" republic? For whatever we may think and hope of the issue of the Cuban war, no honest Cuban will deny that no conceivable republic could be more "dummy" than the Cuban.

The principle for which the *Sun* contends is, that we shall recognize the governments that we like, and not those that we do not like. Now it certainly can not be said that we—the Americans—like the governments of England or of France, nor of Austria or Russia. We like republican and popular governments. Shall we therefore call home our Ministers in those countries? When the Spanish revolution occurred Mr. Hale acknowledged the new order. That was simply saying that the United States recognized the right of Spain to change its government. The *Sun* says, however, that the revolution "was welcomed by the United States in the hope that it would produce great good. But the hope is now bitterly disappointed, and we are free to act accordingly." But does the *Sun* seriously suppose that Mr. Hale acknowledged the change because the people of the United States expected that Spain would become a republic, and that, if they had not expected that result, Mr. Hale would not have been sustained in his action?

Of course, also, we must concede what we claim. If we decline to recognize the Spanish Government because it is not republican, other nations may refuse to acknowledge ours because it is republican. We may, indeed, vociferate that we don't care whether they do or not. But is this a reasonable strain? Is it of no importance to liberty and civilization whether nations undertake to manage each other's internal affairs? Indeed, does any thing mark the advance of civilization and freedom more decisively than this mutual respect for national action? In 1823, as the *Sun* will remember, the monarchical reaction in France was "bitterly disappointed" by the Constitutional Government which had been established in Spain, and "was free to act accordingly." Consequently France invaded Spain to restore Ferdinand VII. to absolute power. It acted faithfully upon the *Sun's* present principle. It dealt with the friends of the Constitutional Government as "pretenders and intruders into a society where they did not properly belong." This was one of the greatest conceivable offenses against free-

dom and international peace. It was the highest mark of the terrible tide of reaction that followed the Napoleonic wars; and out of it sprang our assertion of the inviolability of this continent, known as the Monroe doctrine.

For ourselves, we protest against imitating so wretched an example. We deny our right to meddle, directly or indirectly, in the affairs of other nations, as we demand that they shall respect our independence. It is advocating anarchy to assert that we may decline to regard SERRANO's government as the rightful government of Spain. If that is not, what is? The *Sun* may claim that it only wishes "strenuously to leave it alone." But the situation makes such a course impossible. If the United States Government should refuse to maintain relations with Spain because it has not established a republic, it would deal itself and its own cause a more disastrous blow than any avowed enemy to liberty could inflict.

## THE USURY QUESTION.

The enforcement of the laws of this State punishing this offense, which may be done with fine or imprisonment, or both, has given rise to discussion as to the policy of these laws. Many are in favor of repealing them altogether, so as to leave the rate of interest to be regulated by law only in the contingency of the failure of borrower and lender to specify the rate, and in that case making it six or seven per cent.; while others seek only to modify the statutes of the State, so that the offense shall not be punished as a misdemeanor, or indeed at all, but shall expose parties who agree to take over seven per cent. to the loss of the whole interest, or of only the excess of interest above the legal rate.

If it shall be deemed good policy to inflict any penalty upon an usurious lender, it would seem to be necessary to go so far at least as to make it the interest of the borrower to interpose a defense; for, if the latter were restrained by the want of sufficient advantage from making the plea of usury, the statute would remain a dead letter. It is generally considered an act of meanness to plead usury, except in cases where the youth or extreme want of the parties, and the severity of the rate of interest, give to the transaction the character of hardship. The persons recently proceeded against by indictment and prosecution are not regarded in the light of criminals, but rather as the victims of persecution. These facts must be taken into view in whatever new legislation may be provided, as jurors have a decided prejudice against those who take advantage of the plea of usury, as they will doubtless have against those who indulge in prosecutions because the turn of the market in stock or other speculations is against them.

But our object is not so much to present any view of what has been done in the indictments now pending, or to suggest any modification of State laws, as to call attention to the policy in this matter which ought to follow the absorbtion by the general government of nearly full control over the business of banking in the United States. There is now but one issuer of paper-money besides the National banks, and but one regulator of coined money; and it would seem that the usury laws should proceed from the same authority, and be in harmony with the general interest.

From the origin of the government the several States have exercised jurisdiction over the regulation of interest, as they had until during the war over the business of banking. The two subjects belonged together. The money issued by State banks became in practice the money of commerce, for the privilege of issuing it was guarded by laws which restrained all but certain incorporated persons from doing so. There was good reason for allowing the States to regulate the rates of interest, and the punishments for refusing to conform to them, as long as they remained the depositaries of the banking power.

But evils likely to have effect for centuries grew out of this State bank policy, and there was no escape after war had commenced from the necessity of withdrawing, as has been done in effect, this power from the States. The issues of State banks in the shape of paper-money, practically legalized, had the effect from year after year, for many years, to expel from the United States nearly an equivalent amount of gold and silver to the paper thus issued; and when war came, finding it impossible to provide for the greatest expenditure made by any nation in ancient or modern times with the trifling amount of gold and silver left in the country, the policy of issuing paper-money by the general government and making it a legal tender was forced on the United States.

The general government, indeed, went further than this, and adopted the National Banking act, alleging the want of the precious metals in the country as the justification for the absorption of this great power. The creation of banks under that act was claimed to be a means of giving currency to the bonds, and to the greenback and National banks issues; and, further, that the exercise of a like power by the States was inconsistent with the success of the new scheme.

The error of permitting State banks to be created, invested with power to issue money, may be referred to as the reason for the paper policy which, on the occurrence of a great war, was forced on the nation. The relations of debtor and creditor were never so seriously interfered with, nor were those between producer and consumer, employers and employés; but the necessities of war compel the adoption of every recognized means for success, and the issuing of paper made a tender was one of too much importance to be overlooked.

The general government, thus driven to exercise nearly the same control over the issue of paper-money which it had exercised over the coinage of money, finds itself, after peace, with this business on its hands, with no prospect of immediate change; and the question arises whether control of the usury laws must not follow the exercise of these important powers. The usury laws appertain especially to money, the regulation of the value of which is specifically devolved upon Congress; and they appertain also to commerce, power over the regulation of which is also conferred among the enumerated powers.

Massachusetts and other States have repealed their usury laws, except to provide for the single case of an omission between dealers to prescribe the rate of interest; and in some States the rate of interest is six per cent., in others seven, and in some not exceeding ten; and where a specific rate is mentioned or may not be exceeded, the legislation adopted in New York for their enforcement, and to punish violations of them, has been followed. This contrariety is inconvenient, and not only interferes with the present policy of the National government, but with the prosecution of trade between those in different parts of the Union.

This difference in the regulations of States on this subject has a tendency to keep us apart, while whatever in the shape of fusion the war has legitimately produced should be followed out to its logical consequences. The policy of having but one issuer of legalized paper-money will be maintained as long as paper is issued having the quality of money; and it follows that, as the States have nothing to do with the fabrication of coins, or any longer with the creation of paper-money, they ought not to be allowed to pass laws which affect materially the value and power of money within their respective limits, especially when the tendency appears to be to establish dissimilar rules.

Experience of the repeal of usury laws in Massachusetts will be valuable to the whole country, and will in time enlighten the path of future legislation. When the subject comes up in the arena of Congress it will be discussed and decided upon broad principles. If the fabrication of all money were as free as is that of the mining and coinage of the precious metals, we should perhaps feel no difficulty in supporting the policy which Massachusetts has adopted; but since the bulk of the community is restrained from such issues as the National banks make, it would appear to be necessary to guard against the abuses of those who are endowed with this important franchise, and who might use it for oppression. But whatever may be wise in this respect, it is clear that inconsistent and various State regulations should no longer be tolerated on a subject which reaches into the domain of general commerce, and closely affects the business of banking and our whole trade and industry.

## THE MAST HOPE MASSACRE.

THE horrible accident at Mast Hope upon the Erie Railway will perhaps have been obliterated from the public mind by some fresher tragedy before this paper is issued. But, as with most of the other events of the kind which are a disgrace to civilization and to this country, a little care would have avoided it. The Erie road has again become a name of fatal augury; and those are sincerely to be pitied who, living upon its line, are compelled to travel by it. The section upon which this accident occurred is one of the most exposed upon that road, or upon any road, and as the care of the most perilous parts is a test of the general care, and as two or three shocking accidents have occurred upon it, it is fair to conclude that there is criminal carelessness in the general supervision. A traveler ought to feel safest upon the most dangerous part of a road, conscious that the knowledge of the exposure will redouble vigilance. But the hapless mortal who must travel by the Erie should henceforth understand that it is by sheer luck only that he is not crushed or burned before his journey's end.

An article in the *Times*, evidently by a writer of knowledge and experience, states some of the safeguards which are wanting upon most of our railroads, yet whose excellence is proved. A system of signals to correct the misplacing of switches; the safety-brake; the closer connection of the cars, by which a train becomes "an articulated whole;" the proper adjustment of narrow and broad gauge frogs; due care and sense in the quality of the rails and in the method of laying them; the constant removal of broken and unfit chairs, sleepers, spikes, rails, etc.; a thoughtful consideration of the wear of bridges, and their relative strength to the weight imposed upon them; and the iron car in place of the magazine of angry splinters and funeral pyre in which we now travel—all these precautions are generally wanting or disregarded in the management of our railroads.

There is something astounding in the patient submission of the public to these slaughters. The accidents of every day upon every road, the delays, the perilous "making up" of lost time, the narrow escapes, nobody takes the trouble publicly to note. Then comes the crash—a train piled up and passengers mangled and roasted alive, tremendous headings in the papers, indignant editorials and demands for justice, an excited coroner's jury with a verdict of criminal negligence and almost murder, a vague expectation of justice upon the part of some of the younger public, and then nothing more until the next burning. In the present case there were at least ten emigrants burned to death, besides the Rev. Mr. HALLECK, and the Commissioners of Emigration have made an inquiry. But he has a most vital faith in American railroad management or in American respect for human life and safety in travel who supposes that any body will be punished, or any change in the management of the road be made, in consequence of the awful massacre at Mast Hope.

## "IRISH" REPUBLICANS.

A DELEGATE to the Irish Republican Convention writes to us from Cincinnati in regard to our observations upon the term "Irish" as applied to American citizens. He says that he and his friends "do not intend it in any party or sectional sense, but simply with the hope that it may have more weight and influence with their fellow-citizens of similar extraction, and those who are about to become citizens of our country......I emphatically assert that the men who composed that Convention went in no other capacity than as true, loyal American citizens, and had no other purpose than to deliberate how best to perpetuate the true principles of this great American Republic. Heretofore the Irish emigrant, as soon as he landed on this shore, went blindly and confidingly into the ranks of the Democratic party, believing it was the national party, the party who upheld his race, and stretched out the hand of brotherhood to the oppressed of all nations."

Our correspondent adds that, to open the eyes of the new, foreign-born citizens, the Convention "met and resolved to form a nucleus round which the newly-arrived emigrant may rally, and from which he may learn his future political principles, and become a *good, true*, freedom-loving American citizen. This was the object of said Convention; and if such be a crime, we plead guilty to the charge."

It certainly is not a crime, nor have we so charged. It is merely a mistake. But it is a very serious mistake; for it tends to perpetuate that kind of division among the citizens which it is most desirable to avoid. It is a clumsy and unwise expedient. Moreover, it is wholly unnecessary. An intelligent man, of whatever country, needs no such guide-post; and those for whom it may be thought necessary will be drawn in the other direction by more powerful persuasions. The Democratic party systematically panders to prejudice and ignorance, and that is a strain in which it must always surpass its opponents. The principle of the Republican party is plain enough for any body who can comprehend any thing. It is simply fair play for all men. But this, although a very simple and very noble principle, is by no means acceptable to ignoble and ignorant minds. If our friend the Delegate, with his friends, will devote themselves to the simple argument with the new voters, they will serve the cause and the country infinitely more than by appealing to a nationality which they have renounced.

## NOTES.

THE Government has made ample and admirable arrangements for observing the total eclipse of the sun on the 7th of August. Professor HALL, of the Naval Observatory, and Mr. JOSEPH A. ROGERS, of the Hydrographic Office, left Washington in May for Bering Straits, under orders from the Navy Department, to take observations in that quarter, at which place the eclipse makes its advent. Professors SIMON NEWCOMB, WILLIAM HARKNESS, and J. R. EASTMAN, of the Naval Observatory, have been ordered to Iowa, each to take observations, acting independent of one another. Professor NEWCOMB will take with him the largest object-glass from the Naval Observatory he can procure, and search for asteroids between Mercury and the sun. Some ten years since it was thought by LEVERIER, a distinguished astronomer, that a zone of planets existed between Mercury and the sun; they have never as yet been discovered, and no hopes are entertained of their discovery (if they exist), except during a total eclipse. In view of this fact, Professor NEWCOMB will have this particular charge under his direction as part of his duties on this occasion. Professor HARKNESS will make observations with the spectroscope, etc. Dr. CURTIS, of the United States army, will accompany the observers, taking with him the large equatorial from the United States Naval Academy, loaned to the Observatory by Vice-Admiral PORTER for photographic observations. Professor EASTMAN will have charge of and make meteorological observations. All these will go under the auspices of the United States Naval Observatory, Commodore B. F. SANDS, Superintendent, and that institution will have all its professors in the field along the path of totality. At the last total eclipse visible in this country, in 1834, the Government had no facilities for accurate observations.

WE have just received the Fifteenth Annual Report (for 1868) of the Superintendent of Public Instruction in this State. This document contains a vast amount of instructive and suggestive statistics. The abolishment of rate-bills, and the substitution of taxation exclusively on property for a mixed assessment (which, in part, was a tax on attendance), have been productive of good results. School terms have been lengthened, and there has been a larger and more uniform attendance. The expenditures also for school buildings and appliances have been more liberal. The increase in the number of children of school age, as compared with 1867, was 87,687. The increase in the number of those attending school was 21,639. The greater proportion of the increase was in the rural districts. The increase in the number of teachers was 988. The increased amount paid for teachers was $771,035. The report indicates great progress in the several normal schools in the State.

IT is understood that the managers of the French cable have agreed to acquiesce in any conditions that Congress may prescribe upon the part of this country, and that, consequently, the Government will not prevent the landing at Duxbury. We hope then it will be remembered that this Company enjoys an absolute monopoly for twenty years, and that it is a great deal better that this cable should not be laid at all upon our coast than that we should acquiesce in the monopoly. The *Evening Post* says that the objection to the landing of the cable is foolish, because it will certainly be laid upon the shore of Canada if we forbid it ours. That is very possible; but that does not implicate us, nor tie up the hands of American enterprise for the next twenty years. The *Post*, as the defender of a chartered monopoly, appears in a new *rôle*. For the sake of its own principles we hope that it may plead in vain, and that the assent of Congress to the completion of the French enterprise will be withheld until the monopoly is renounced.

A CORRESPONDENT of a Democratic paper says, pleasantly, that "the government which the Black Republicans boot-lick, and which they so assiduously ape, has been guilty of another atrocity." We supposed, of course, that this must be the present government of Dahomey, or the former rule of the Emperor TIBERIUS, but it turns out to be only that of Russia. The Czar has emancipated the serfs, and has just now abolished the hereditary character of the Russian priesthood, without injustice to any body. These are probably the other atrocities to which the gentle Democrat alludes. The emancipating Czar can hardly expect to be kindly mentioned by an individual whose cardinal doctrine in liberal government is that some men ought to be physically and politically "walloped" by others.

WE are glad to hear that Messrs. LEE & SHEPARD, of Boston, are about to issue the complete works of Senator SUMNER in ten elegant volumes. This edition has been revised by Mr. SUMNER himself, and will be a valuable contribution to our forensic literature. The first volume will contain an excellent likeness of Mr. SUMNER, from a recent photograph taken by J. W. BLACK, of Boston.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE French cable has been landed at Duxbury, Massachusetts. The Company, however, binds itself to conform to the conditions which may be imposed by Congress.

The Newark and New York Railroad was opened on the 23d of July. This is the shortest route between the two cities. It has required an outlay of $2,000,000. It has twenty-seven bridges.

The anniversary of the birth of Humboldt, on the 14th of September, is to be celebrated in St. Louis by a festival, with music and orations in different languages.

In the boat-race between the Harvard and Yale crews, July 23, Harvard was again victorious.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Pope's Œcumenical Council, it seems, will be attended by none but the strictly orthodox Roman Catholics. Seats are prepared for 850 Bishops. Of these 550 are of the Latin nations; viz., 294 Italians, 66 Spanish, 22 Portuguese, 90 French; with whom must be classed 77 from Brazil, Mexico, and the Republics of South America. There are remaining 65 German, 48 English and Irish, 52 North American, 6 Belgian, 16 Canadian, 5 Hollander, 20 Grecian and Turkish. To these must be added 70 Cardinals, of whom 40 are Italian.

Great excitement has been occasioned in Spain by the invasion of Don Carlos. The news that he had crossed the border was confirmed July 22, and was followed by "risings" among his numerous adherents. Advices of July 25 report a battle as having taken place at Cindad Real, 100 miles from Madrid, in which the Carlists were defeated.

Captain-General De Rodas, of Cuba, in view of the prompt action of the United States in arresting the filibusters, has issued a decree annulling article 7 of his proclamation of the 7th instant, relative to the right of Spanish cruisers to search neutral vessels in the waters near Cuba.

The Harvard Four, who are to row the international match with the Oxford men on the Thames, arrived in London July 20.

The Irish Church bill, as returned from the British House of Commons, came up again in the House of Lords July 20. The subject of amendments was arranged by compromise.

A terrible colliery explosion took place at St. Helens, a few miles east of Liverpool, England, on July 21. Fifty-eight bodies have been taken out of the mine.

## THE SEVENTH AT SARATOGA.

The famous Seventh Regiment of New York has not been forgotten. Its recent pleasure-trip to Troy, Albany, and Saratoga has excited much interest. The appearance of the regiment at Saratoga was the most interesting event of the season at that fashionable resort. We invite our readers' attention to the engraving relating to this subject on this page. We give also on the same page a representation of the statue of a soldier of the Seventh Regiment, made by J. Q. A. Ward, the well-known sculptor. This statue is to be placed in the New York Central Park.

## THE KANSAS CITY BRIDGE.

Kansas City, Missouri, although not so well known in the East as Leavenworth, Omaha, St. Joseph, and possibly some other Missouri River towns, enjoys remarkable advantages of natural location and commercial facilities. It is already the terminus of seven different railroads. To Kansas City belongs the honor of building the pioneer bridge over the Missouri. On the south or west side of the river the Pacific Railroad (of Missouri) extends from St. Louis to the State line at Kansas City; the Kansas Pacific Railway, late Union Pacific Eastern Division, is now in operation four hundred and five miles west from the same point of the boundary. The Missouri River Railroad, now operated in connection with the Missouri Pacific, continues that line up the river to Leavenworth; and the Missouri River, Fort Scott, and Gulf Railroad, running at present to Paola, forty miles south, is being pushed rapidly to the Indian Territory, and will become the great route from the North to the Southwest. On the opposite river-bank the North Missouri Railroad forms a second line to St. Louis; the Missouri Valley Railroad runs northward to St. Joseph; and the Kansas City and Cameron Railroad, forming part of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad line, opens a direct route to Chicago. The bridge, now completed, was built by the last-named road, and will enable the seven roads to unite at common points within the city.

The location of the bridge, as shown in the accompanying topographical sketch, is opposite the town, and immediately below a bend in the river. It was begun in January, 1867. In February Mr. Chanute, the chief engineer, took charge of the works. In the spring the enterprise was interrupted by a high flood, and it was not until August that work could be resumed. The south abutment of the bridge was placed eighty feet back from the face of the bluff, and from it a sixty-six foot span extends over a street and the track of the Missouri Pacific Railroad to a pair of pillars standing near the edge of the rock-face; a span of one hundred and thirty-three feet reaches from them to pier No. 1, the first river-pier. A pivot-draw of two spans, each one hundred and sixty feet in the clear, and three hundred and sixty-three feet long over all, from centre to centre of piers 1 and 3, turns upon pier No. 2, which is placed as nearly as possible in the centre of the channel. Pier No. 4 was located two hundred and fifty feet beyond No. 3; No. 5, two hundred feet farther north, on the edge of the sand-bar; and two spans, two hundred, and one hundred and seventy-seven feet respectively, cover the distance remaining to pier No. 7, which stands on the edge of the wooded shore, taking the place of a north abutment. The railroad is then carried over the bottom-land on two thousand three hundred and sixty feet of trestle-work, descending one foot in a hundred to an embankment. The carriage-way is carried down on a heavier grade by a side-trestle. The difficulties attending the building of this bridge were wholly in the foundations. The length of the structure is one mile.

The masonry of all the piers is of limestone, quarried in the neighborhood, the facing being of ashlar and the backing of heavy rubble. The ashlar of the upper courses, above the ice-breaker, is of a good blue-stone, of uniform color, and the stones used below are of a grayish tint. The piers finish eleven feet higher than the great flood of 1844, and forty-eight feet above the lowest water observed. The total height of pier No. 4, from rock to coping, is eighty-nine feet. The pivot-pier is circular in form and twenty-nine feet in diameter, finishing thirty-two feet on top.

The entire structure was completed by July 3, 1869, and the event was celebrated by the citizens of Kansas City with the greatest enthusiasm.

"THE SOLDIER OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT."
Statue Designed for Central Park, by J. Q. A. Ward.—[Photographed by Rockwood.]

## TROLLING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

At this season of the year the fishing stations on the St. Lawrence River are generally crowded with pleasure-seekers from all our principal cities. In fair weather the stream appears thronged with fishing boats, trolling among the Thousand Islands for pickerel, bass, piké, and maskinongé. The latter is the "heroine of the waters," and if an adventurer succeeds in getting one on his hook that weighs from 20 to 60 pounds, he becomes a hero and excites the envy of his brother sportsmen. The capture is rather difficult, and it requires an experienced hand to manage the victim, which, if large and saucy, has to be worried out or drowned—an operation which sometimes takes half an hour. Alexandria Bay, Clayton, and Fisher's Landing are the principal stopping-places for visitors, who can easily find fishing apparatus and boats, with good oarsmen to accompany them on their excursions.

## A SUMMER EVENING ON THE BOULEVARDS IN PARIS.

Though a great part of the fashionable society of the French capital has already taken flight to cool itself in the baths and watering-places, the nightly promenade along the Boulevards is yet frequented by a throng of all classes of pleasure-loving people. We present, in the engraving on another page, an illustration of this lively scene, where the pavement in front of one of the superbly decorated cafés is crowded with men and women in their gayest outdoor dress; some of them seated at the little movable tables for the consumption of ices, coffee, or more stimulating liquors; others strolling up and down, chatting with each other, or gazing at the passers-by; here and there a bustling bare-headed *garçon*, eagerly attentive to the wants and purses of his customers. Among these groups is a man with a couple of little lapdogs for sale, one of which is likely to be purchased, as we see, by a kind papa and mamma for the gratification of their little girl. The gas-lights and the foliage of the trees on the right hand, with the tall house-fronts on the left, will show to the reader who knows Paris the locality at which this sketch was made.

A SCENE AT SARATOGA DURING THE VISIT OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT.—[Drawn by Thomas Nast.]

## AN INCREDIBLE STORY.

[Editor's Note.—Notwithstanding that the author has entitled this "An Incredible Story," the details of the narrative are by no means impossible. Without mentioning the numerous well-authenticated cases of double consciousness on record, we will refer our readers to the single instance of Mary Reynolds, as given upon competent authority, in *Harper's Magazine* for May, 1860. Miss Reynolds not only entered upon a second life, in which the memory of the past was totally obliterated, but her temperament and disposition were wholly altered by the change.]

### I.—"SHE IS NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH."

The fierce rays of an almost tropical sun at high noon slanted through the open windows of Magnolia Cottage, where Heinrich von Wetzlar stood by the bedside of his deceased wife. His little daughter Annette—a girl of five years—stood at his side; but, for all that, he was alone—alone, though a troop of men and angels had surrounded him; for what can disturb the desert solitude which Death flings about itself as a broad mantle, and about all who enter its presence? The very fullness of life on that summer noon, hints of which were borne through the windows with the stately sighings of the wind and the fragrance of Southern flowers, intensified and heightened, by contrast, the rigor and abysmal silence of that slumber upon which Von Wetzlar intently gazed.

That terrible scourge of New Orleans—the yellow-fever—had visited the city with unusual severity. Magnolia Cottage was situated in one of the least crowded quarters of the city; yet this locality had not escaped the fate of the others. Von Wetzlar's young wife had devoted herself day after day to visiting and nursing the sick in her neighborhood, until she herself was stricken down by the disease, of which she soon became a victim. Fate had in its quiver no arrow so poignant as this which suddenly pierced the heart of the fond husband.

Heinrich von Wetzlar was a German, of Hebrew lineage on his father's side. His father, Otto von Wetzlar, had resided in Louisiana for a short time, years ago, and had there married Heinrich's mother, but immediately after this event had returned to his home in Vienna. While Heinrich was a mere boy his mother died; the frail Southern lady pined in vain for her genial native air. Then Otto von Wetzlar married again. This second wife—step-mother to the motherless boy—proved a curse to Otto's declining years. Partly to escape her tyranny, and partly moved by the remembrance of his mother's glowing pictures of Southern life, young Heinrich fled from Vienna to Italy, where he devoted himself to art. Dreamer and poet he had always been. His temperament, inherited from his mother, induced to contemplation; his large, lustrous, hazel eyes betokened at once the passionate eagerness of inquiry and a disposition toward mysticism. His keen analysis drove him from all the ordinary positions quietly assumed by the mass of men as to the great questions affecting human life and destiny; but, as if finding no rest beyond these landmarks, his soul seemed to wander ever in that shadowy borderland where the real blends so readily with the ideal, and the visible receives the mantle of the invisible.

"THERE, ALMOST AT HIS SIDE, STOOD THE LIVING FORM OF LOUISE!"

After a residence of some years in Italy he was seized with an irresistible desire to visit his mother's native land. He came to New Orleans, and there, encouraged by the patronage of a few friends who had known his father, he easily contrived to satisfy his material wants, which were few and simple. Here he met Louise Darvon. At this time he was over thirty, while she was only sixteen. She was a simple French maiden of Huguenot ancestry—a girl who could scarcely have attracted attention by her beauty; and her parents were plain people with moderate means. Her education had been of the simplest sort, and she had none of that *distingué* style which often in the world's estimate supplies the want both of wealth and beauty. But Heinrich von Wetzlar judged not after the way of the world. He had lived for the most part a solitary life. He was now in the prime of manhood, but the dreams of his youth still lingered with him, though his youthful enthusiasm had been tempered by a ripened judgment.

Heinrich and Louise seemed to be spiritual counterparts; and there was a rare completeness, therefore, in their marriage. She was simple, earnest, and pure in heart. He was noble, and inspired in her a sense of grandeur. His wonderful subtlety of thought, his wealth of emotion, and the spirituality of his nature introduced her into a new world, where he was always her teacher. She could liken him to no one she had ever seen or heard of, until he told her of Mendelssohn, whose music they interpreted together, and some of whose literary productions he read to her—then she thought he must be like Mendelssohn. Their chief delight was in music, which became to them a sort of universal language. His very conversation seemed to echo to grand old Hebrew melodies, and as she listened it seemed as if the winds wafted fragrance and repose to her from distant Palestine. If her spirit soared to meet his, so that her love was almost adoration, it was also true that his grand sympathies found through her humble, womanly charity a way to their expression in the trodden ways of life.

This beautiful life they had lived together for six years, and now the end had come. Von Wetzlar was startled, bewildered, stunned. It was as if the repose of heaven had been broken. The dearness of this woman and his need of her had never before been so sensibly felt. He stood upon the brink of an abyss which his thoughts—subtle and deep as they were—could not compass or fathom. His soul was moved to its depths. To such men the tragedy of such infinite loss is not simply solemn. It is a great Agitator. It is not strange, therefore, that to Von Wetzlar, in the presence of this mighty sorrow, the great problem of human destiny—as it seemed to him—namely, the question of a future life, presented itself anew. But, eager as were the questionings of his soul, he seemed confronted by a sphinx that answered only in riddles. The suggestions of his intellect seemed almost cruel, intruding as they did into the sacred presence-chamber of his tenderest emotions.

"Is this the end?" he asked. "In the midst of all this life has my Louise drooped as do the flowers, to fall away into a mere heap of dust? Even the crazy old alchemists had a fancy that, by some magical process, they could restore from the dust of the rose at least its phantom—a semblance of the real flower. Is not the Divine chemistry as potent as that? It can not be that my rose is lost to me forever!" He reviewed in thought the testimony of the race: he recalled *Phædo* and the sublime passages in Paul's epistle to the Corinthians. Then that movement of the glorious oratorio of the "Messiah" swept over

TROLLING FOR MASKINONGÉ ON THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER, AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.—Sketched by C. M. Coolidge.—[See Page 500.]

his soul—so susceptible to the impressions of music—"I know that my Redeemer liveth." But still he was not satisfied. The calm surface of his thoughts had been disturbed by the heavy plummet of Death, and the waves still undulated in ever-widening circles toward an uncertain shore. Oh, if the Master could have spoken to his heart as he did to the house of Jairus: "She is not dead, but sleepeth!"

### II.—APOCALYPTIC.

THE dead in this time of peril were hurriedly buried. As the sun declined the face of Louise, after receiving the last fond kisses of the husband and daughter, was hid from their view, and they followed her to her resting-place in the French cemetery.

Two men met the sombre cortége as it returned from the cemetery whose characters must here be described. They were not together, but met the procession at different stages of its course.

One of these was Doctor Eugene Gurdon, who had just issued from his library in his mansion on Carondelet Street. Both by his dress and his walk it could be seen that he was a fastidious gentleman of easy manners and perfect self-possession. In his tastes and mental constitution he was very much of a Parisian. He was a passionate lover of the beautiful, and shrank from ugliness and deformity with almost a shudder. Yet this man, to whom disease was disgusting, made it the great study of his life. This lover of the beautiful spent no small portion of his time in anatomical dissections. The sight of pain was a torment, but he was so skilled in its alleviation that he was the most promising young surgeon in New Orleans.

As he met the procession, and could see through the windows of the leading carriage the sorrow-stricken faces of Von Wetzlar and his little girl, his heart was touched, and he said to himself, "Alas, how sad!" and the frequency of such spectacles in those death-crowded days did not diminish the profoundness of his sympathy. Looking into his naturally cheerful, but now somewhat pensive face, and into his clear gray eyes that almost changed their color under the influence of emotion, you would have said: "This man is a child of nature—open as men rarely are to all material influences, palpable or subtle. His smile answers to the faintest gleam of sunshine, and his heart is swayed by cloud and storm; and although he is so much of a philosopher, his philosophy affords no shield to cover, no mask to disguise his susceptibility."

The other man to whom we alluded was Pierre Martin. As he met the procession he also looked upon the faces of the chief mourners, and knew that Louise von Wetzlar had been buried. He gazed with stolid indifference upon the insignia of their great sorrow. He had once been a lover of Louise—if any thing could be called love which was cherished in Martin's heart: it was certainly the purest and worthiest emotion that had ever entered there. But she, with that unerring intuition which belongs to such pure, spiritual natures, had avoided him from the first, until at length his passionate love had been turned to bitter hate.

Martin was a thoroughly selfish man. He was endowed with a very fair exterior, with a strong intellect, and with consummate impudence. He loved intrigue, and delighted in playing upon other men as upon the strings of an instrument. He had acted upon the stage, had written stray articles for the press, and was now a sort of attaché to the Medical College which he had entered some years before, and where he still lingered, not as a student, but upon good terms with all.

He had been sauntering along the street, but as the procession passed him his steps were arrested as by some suddenly conceived purpose. "Ah!" he chuckled to himself—"a capital idea! Bold—but why not? Faint heart never won fair lady. Eh, let us see!" and he turned down toward the river-side, still chuckling to himself as one might over some splendid joke. Reaching the levee, his attention was directed toward a group of seamen lounging about the wharf, where lay a steamer that to-morrow was to take departure for some distant port. A conversation followed in low tones between Martin and two or three of this group whom he had drawn aside. Some bargain was completed, apparently, for as Martin left them he slipped a few gold pieces into their hands.

When we left Doctor Gurdon he was on his way to a remote and solitary cottage in the outskirts of the city, occupied by a young medical student, whose name was Spaulding, and who was a friend and protégé of the Doctor's. This youth ushered the Doctor into a parlor where three or four other students were evidently awaiting him. This was the "Gurdon clique," which pursued investigations on its own account: it was a kind of episode, as related to the regular operations of the College. The Doctor was to lecture to this select company this evening on the Structure of the Human Brain; and Pierre Martin had engaged to provide a suitable "subject" for additional investigations in the apartment adjoining the parlor, and which was known as the "Dissecting-Room." He had provided "subjects" in this way on previous occasions.

Doctor Gurdon entered upon his preliminary lecture, which was interesting and decidedly original. An hour passed. It was ten o'clock, and no advices had been received from Martin. But the topic of the evening was one of absorbing interest, and the Doctor continued his lecture. His mind was abundantly stored with narratives of peculiar psychological experiences illustrating his theories. After midnight a knock at the outer door was recognized as Martin's. The long-expected Something was hurriedly transferred to the dissecting-room, where the mysterious parcel was opened by Spaulding and Martin. Two dark blue eyes slowly opened that should have been forever sealed, and Pierre Martin was confronted by a living face that should have belonged to the dead. He gave one look of astonishment and terror, and then, without a word, fled from the house as if pursued by a phantom.

The other students were abruptly dismissed without knowing the details, and Spaulding and Doctor Gurdon were left alone with their strange and unaccountably proceeding Subject.

### III.—THE SECOND LIFE.

A TRANSFORMATION had been wrought—a miracle scarcely less wonderful than that of resurrection. It was not simply the awakening, as from a sleep, of one who had seemed dead, and who had been laid away for an everlasting slumber. It was a *new* life. The eyes so familiar to Pierre Martin had not recognized him. The world upon which they opened seemed as new as it does to a new-born child. The past to this awakened sleeper was literally a blank. This woman was mentally an infant. The words which fell upon her ears seemed meaningless, and she could utter none in reply. She was carried away in a carriage, which Spaulding had procured, to Doctor Gurdon's mansion, where she was placed in the care of the Doctor's housekeeper—the only other occupant of his house. In all mental affairs—in all respects, indeed, except as to her age—she was a child; though she learned more rapidly than a child could have done.

Doctor Gurdon's mansion was well suited to his character. It was costly and beautiful, was furnished with all the elegance that the most refined taste could suggest or that wealth made possible, and was surrounded with beautiful grounds. It was in this bright home of luxury and art that his "patient" began her new life. The Doctor at first regarded her with a simply speculative interest. She was a case inviting study. He studied it. Very soon, however, science yielded to sentiment. For this woman in her new life was very attractive. She was as different from her former self as a butterfly from the chrysalis. As Louise Darvon or Louise von Wetzlar she had been a simple, earnest, spiritual being, self-sacrificing, and the very impersonation of charity. The brain is the flower of the body; and it seemed that out of the dust of the flower which had matured and decayed a new and different flower had blossomed. Serious she had been; now she was gay. She had been deep-natured; now the movement of her thoughts was light and airy. Perhaps the change could not be more happily expressed than by likening it to the transformations which have affected whole races, bearing them from their rude Pelasgian life into their Hellenic or artistic era. Only these were gradual changes as compared with that sudden and almost miraculous transformation which had here been effected.

It is not wonderful that Doctor Gurdon found in this woman so much to study, nor that his studies grew to have an additional interest from the beginning of love for her in his heart. But whenever he thought of her past he was puzzled. He did not even know her name. Who had she been? There was no clew to the mystery. She remembered absolutely nothing. It is true, however—and this should be mentioned here for the benefit of those interested in the purely psychological features of her case—it is true that when she happened to be in places that *ought* to have seemed familiar, there did come to her inner sense a vague shadow of reminiscence—something that could scarcely be called an impression, it was so faint and indistinct. Especially was she haunted by this ghost of reminiscence when she was in the French cemetery (it was there that the Darvons had all been buried), which she quite frequently visited during the summer that followed her strange resurrection. This puzzled her, and caused her to linger about the place, as one which was in some way connected with the inexplicable wonder of her life. But the idea was as faint and shadowy as the fragrance of the flowers that decorated the tombs around her.

Doctor Gurdon had never told her of even the single fact of which he was cognizant. He intimated that she had been ill, and had been placed in his charge in so accidental a manner that he did not and could not learn her name even. With this she was forced to be content. She knew that the Doctor loved her, and she was perfectly happy in loving him.

But he was troubled by a horrible doubt. He feared some possible interruption of this new life—either through her return to her former mental state, or through some intrusive claim from others who had known her, and who might discover her present retreat. He therefore guarded her most jealously, and felt anxious when she was out of his sight. After all, his great fear was Pierre Martin, who must be able, he thought, to bridge over the hiatus between the two lives of this woman.

### IV.—THE TOKEN.

HEINRICH VON WETZLAR, since the loss of his wife, had again become a recluse. A year had passed, and still the sharpness of his grief had not been diminished. Notwithstanding his doubts in regard to the reality of a future life, he felt that a tremendous affirmative argument now existed for him in the necessity of an unseen world to his individual soul, since his Louise belonged to that world.

The old desire to wander had returned, and he contemplated an early departure for Europe. With this in view he went, toward the close of a summer afternoon, to visit the French cemetery for the last time.

This cemetery was peculiar. The dead there were not interred underground, but laid away in vaults, one above another, on either side of a long aisle, where one might walk and look upon the outer gates of these silent chambers of the dead, with decorations of flowers and crosses resting upon their projecting marble sills. Along this aisle Von Wetzlar walked until he came before the chamber allotted to his wife. As he halted and gazed upon the portal, stooping somewhat as he leaned upon his staff, one could see that he had grown many years older since that marble entablature had sealed from his vision the dear companion of his soul. As he gazed he seemed to be transported back to that summer noon, a year ago, when the shock of death first fell upon his heart. His soul was not now agitated as it had been then. At first the marble repose of the place, though in some sort a symbol of death, soothed and invited him. Then the suggestions of life that were thrown out even here seemed to answer his old doubts and to give him hope. The clambering roses and the trailing ivy towered above the stony silence, as if hinting of ever-flowing change, as if whispering to his heart: "There is no place of rest! For see! out of the very dust life rises tremblingly but triumphantly over the mask of Death."

He remembered how this same idea of life and motion, as contrasted with deathlike stillness, had once occurred to him in reading that passage in the Twelfth Odyssey, where Homer describes the cave of the Naiads. It all came back to him now—the picture of the Naiads weaving forever at long stone looms, and of the wild bees humming and honey-making round cups and casks of stone, while evermore the waves entered and broke upon the stony floor.

The fading sunlight flashed across the dear name of the departed, and Von Wetzlar still gazed intently as if there were something still to come, and for which he waited. Might not the veil of separation be removed but for one moment! And, as if in answer to his thought, there, in the clear light of day, almost at his side, stood the living form of Louise! There she stood, with one finger raised to her forehead as if she were trying to solve some hard riddle—stood thus for one moment, and then fled as from a haunted corridor.

As for Von Wetzlar, astonished at this heaven-sent vision, as it seemed to him, and overwhelmed with the ecstasy of that glorious moment, he sank to his knees and buried his face in his hands. When he left the cemetery a few minutes later his face beamed with the smile of assured hope.

The next day he sailed for Europe; and on the very evening of his departure Doctor Gurdon gave his own name to the nameless woman who had fallen so strangely in his way.

### V.—THE END.

DOCTOR GURDON had rightly conjectured that Pierre Martin knew his wife's past history. But he had not met Martin since that memorable night at Spaulding's, though he had sought him diligently. Yet the object of his search had all the while been hovering closely about, and had kept himself well informed as to the movements both of the Doctor and of his patient. It was only now that his time had come—now, when the developments over which he had kept watch had been fully matured, and the marriage had taken place.

Martin's original scheme, conceived on that evening when he had employed the sailors to assist him in carrying out his design, had contemplated nothing beyond the satisfaction of his malice toward Von Wetzlar and his wife. He was startled—actually confounded at first—by the result of that night's work; and after his astonishment had somewhat subsided he was led by curiosity to see what would follow. We can easily imagine his surprise at the ensuing events, and especially at the marriage. Why had not Louise fled? Her movements appeared to be free from restraint. Why had she not returned to her proper husband? Was she capable of actual guilt? As a spy, watching from a distance, he could not answer these questions.

Martin's plans were soon formed. Doctor Gurdon was rich, while he, poor devil, as he called himself, was in need of money. By working upon the Doctor's fears he might put money in his purse. And as to Louise herself—but she was an impenetrable mystery! A few weeks after the wedding Martin appeared at the Doctor's house to pay his respects to the bride and bridegroom. To his astonishment (was there no end of wonders?) she did not know him. She seemed to him more beautiful and fascinating than ever in the old time. She was the same, yet not the same. Her dress, her air, her whole expression had changed. It was the old flower with a new and different fragrance. While he stood entranced with wonder he was aroused by the touch of the Doctor's hand upon his shoulder, followed by the request for a private interview in the library. He readily acceded, and a few words from the Doctor explained the situation.

"You know, Martin," inquired the Doctor, anxiously—"you know who this woman was?"

"Yes, I know something, not much; but the disclosure of that little is a serious affair for me."

"It may be serious for me too. And meagre as your information may be it is invaluable to me. I would give thousands to know all, even the worst."

"Oh, it is not so very bad, Doctor. You see, she had been the inmate of an insane asylum for a number of years, took the fever, died apparently, and was buried. You know the rest."

This invention of Martin's lulled the Doctor's fears, and his gratitude for relief made him generous. So that this brief interview satisfied Martin's cupidity as well as his curiosity, and he left the house with a valuable check in his portemonnaie, one that would go a great way, spendthrift though he was.

But he could not keep away from the larger prize. If the Doctor could win Louise, why need he despair? Had he not rescued her from the grave? Did she not belong to him? Then, he remembered, she had not shown toward him any of that repugnance which she had formerly exhibited. In a short time they even became friends, and the Doctor was compelled to suffer this for fear of offending one whom, in his heart, he despised. Evidently, whatever Louise had gained in her new life, she had lost those spiritual intuitions which had guided and guarded her in her first estate.

As Martin's power over Louise increased, so also did his hold upon her husband. He professed to be making a more careful investigation as to Louise's antecedents. Little by little the truth came out—that she had been Heinrich von Wetzlar's wife. At first the Doctor would not believe it. But one day Martin took him to the French cemetery, and showed him the empty tomb. That was done in order to obtain more money; but this time the attempt was vain. The Doctor, amazed and bewildered, hurried home. For hours he paced the floor of his library in a frenzy of agony. He loved Louise as his own soul. He could not give her up; and surely it could not conduce to her happiness to be restored to a life as alien to her as if it had never been hers. He went out into the open air. The sound of voices in the arbor, as he walked down the garden walk, attracted his attention. As he approached, unseen, he recognized the voices; they were Martin's and Louise's. He listened. It was evidently a leave-taking. Were these lovers? He peered through the thick leaves of the vine-clusters, and saw Martin standing by the side of Louise with his arm about her waist, and heard him ask, as he looked pleadingly down upon her innocent, upturned face,

"Shall it be to-morrow, dearest?"

In a moment Doctor Gurdon stood within the arbor. Before those cool, searching gray eyes Martin winced, released his hold upon Louise, and slunk away without one word.

And she—she simply cast upon the recreant one look of scorn and infinite loathing. The serpent, that just one moment ago had seemed so bold and beautiful with its shining crest, had resumed its natural habit, and was revealed as a creeping thing. Apollo had turned a coward! and she hated him. Turning to the Doctor she fell powerless into his arms.

And as he sat there, holding her to his bosom, he knew for the first time how deeply and tenderly he loved her. And he did her justice. For he knew her as he had not known before. She had been simply a child in all this—free but guiltless. This second life, which she had lived before him and with him, was as pure and holy as that of childhood, but also as undisciplined. It was a life in which all that was beautiful and strong called forth a frank and fearless response, but in which experience had furnished no principles for guidance and no test against disguised villainy. His own influence over her, and all the circumstances with which he had surrounded her, had tended to the development of such a life, and with just that one woeful deficiency.

While he thought thus she lay prostrate and nerveless in his arms. Gradually she began to realize her husband's presence. Then her apathy gave way to convulsive sobbing.

"Oh! take me away, Eugene; take me any where; I can not stay here!" she cried.

"Yes, darling, I will take you away," he said, kindly. "Do not be troubled. It was only a dream. It is all over now." And he carried her to her own room, where he left her in the care of his faithful old housekeeper.

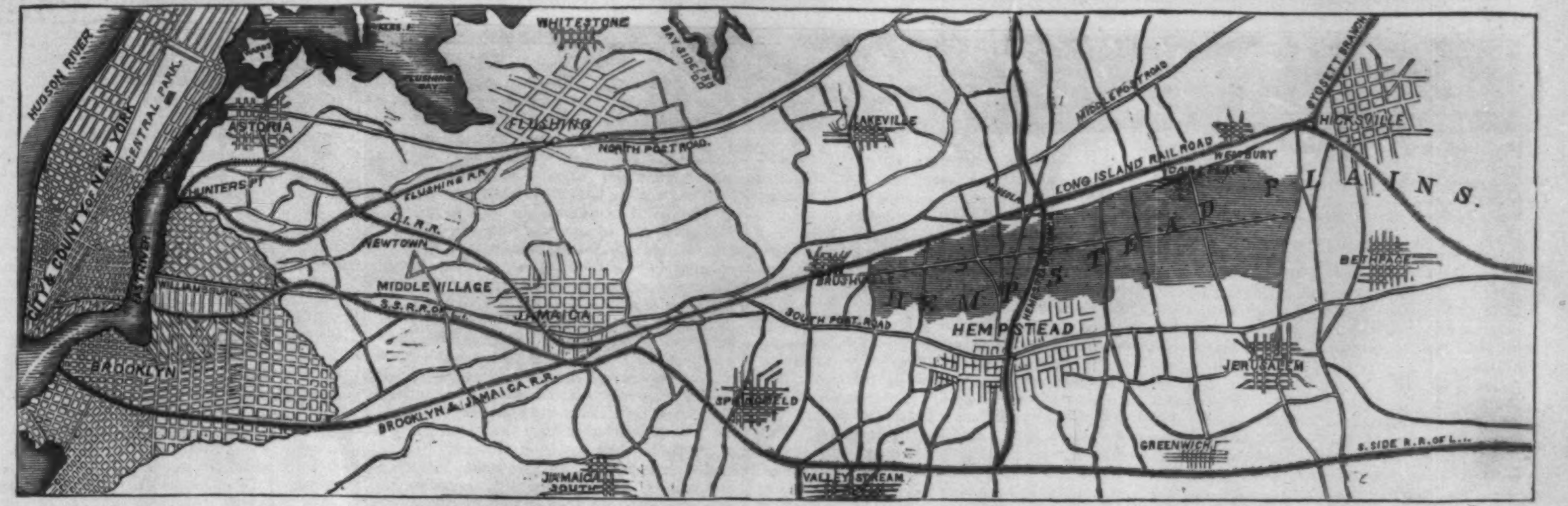
Yes, he must go away—away from Martin, away from that cenotaph in the cemetery, the tablet upon which was photographed in his memory forever. It was now more than a year since his marriage, and a little daughter had been born to him; and here was another reason for flight.

In a few days Doctor Gurdon had secretly disposed of his estate; and one evening, with his wife and her infant daughter, accompanied by the housekeeper, now little Gertrude's nurse, he embarked for the North on a Mississippi steamer.

Two evenings later, as he was sitting near the guard enjoying his cigar and congratulating himself upon his happy escape from the troubles which had lately beset him, he looked around, and at his side stood Pierre Martin! They were alone. Foiled in his last hope and driven to despair, the Doctor seized his tormentor around the waist and tried to throw him overboard. A struggle followed, which resulted fatally for both of the combatants. They went overboard, each grappling the other in a death-struggle. A deafening shriek was heard from Louise's state-room, from the window of which she had witnessed the fatal termination of the conflict. She was found upon the floor of her room apparently lifeless.

Every effort was made to recover Martin and Gurdon, but in vain. Both had evidently been drowned.

For hours Louise remained in a trance-like swoon. When she awoke she did not recognize either her child or its nurse. She did not understand where she was, but murmured, "Heinrich—oh, Heinrich! where are you?" She was evidently now Louise von Wetzlar again, and in her thoughts was back in Magnolia Cottage. "I have been ill," she murmured. "Who are you? and where is Heinrich?" Gradually the old nurse communicated to her the events of the past two years, so far as she knew them, but Louise comprehended not one word. There was some dreadful mistake; she knew nothing of Doctor Gurdon, or, indeed, of any thing that was told her. Only yesterday, as it seemed to her, she was nursing the sick in New Orleans. It was long before she could believe in a life of which her consciousness gave no testimony. She finally found in Doctor Gurdon's trunk a statement which he had prepared, based upon Martin's story and his own investigations. She learned from this that Von Wetzlar had sold Magnolia Cottage—her parents having fallen victims to the yellow-fever shortly after her own supposed death—and that he had gone to Europe.




MAP OF HEMPSTEAD PLAINS, LONG ISLAND, RECENTLY PURCHASED BY MR. A. T. STEWART.

Him she determined to find if the search consumed all that remained to her of life. For her child's (Gertrude's) sake she retained Doctor Gurdon's property, which was already in her possession, he having converted it all into ready money before his flight; she also kept the old housekeeper as nurse for Gertrude.

We need not follow in detail her search for her husband, which was continued during several years. She went to Vienna, to Rome, and almost over the entire Continent; to the East, to England; and at last, when she had quite given up in despair, she one day found him almost by accident—or rather it should be said that little Annette von Wetzlar found her mother. This child had now grown into a girl of twelve years, and was staying with her father in the English Quarter of Frankfort-on-the-Main. One evening at sunset her attention was attracted by a bright little girl of about six years of age who was walking by with her old nurse, whom she was teasing by the sauciest gambols. Annette ran up to her and gave her some flowers, receiving a kiss in return, and an invitation to call and see her at her own home. Annette visited her the next day, and in the little girl found a step-sister. She also found her own mother. They recognized each other at the first, and Annette took her mother home with her. She spoke to her father at first, that he might not be entirely unprepared.

"Oh, papa," she cried, as she entered his studio; "I have found mamma, and she is here."

He dropped his pencil and rose to his feet, and there she was before him—his lost Louise. He had no time for astonishment, for her arms were in a moment clinging about his neck, and they were laughing and crying all in one breath.

The two step-sisters, Gertrude and Annette, still live together at Frankfort. Louise is dead; but Von Wetzlar still lives, and is preparing a grand philosophical treatise on the Individual Human Consciousness, in which, as may be easily imagined, he considers that element of life to have been very much overestimated in its importance—at least in its connection with the vaster cycles of existence.

## HON. HENRY T. BLOW,

### UNITED STATES MINISTER TO BRAZIL.

THE banquet given to Hon. HENRY T. BLOW, on the 13th of July, in the magnificent dining-rooms of the Southern Hotel, St. Louis, had more than a local significance. It partook of a national, and even of an international character. The very ornamentation of the hall, the intertwining of the Brazilian and the American flags, the mingling of the flora of the Amazon and of the Mississippi, but, more than all, the presence of the Brazilian Minister Plenipotentiary, Señor MAGALHAES (the LONGFELLOW of South America), and other members of the Legation of Brazil, were significant of harmony and good-will between the first nations of the Western Continent. Among the numerous guests were Senators and Representatives of our National Congress, and officers of our army from every portion of our land, as well as the very *élite* of St. Louis, irrespective of political views.

They met to honor one who (as was well said by one of the speakers) "was to represent, in the great Empire of Brazil, the country which he had so zealously and ably served at home; to uphold her honor, to advance her interests, to increase and develop her commercial relations, and to establish sentiments of concord and good-will between her people and those of that youthful and vigorous Empire, whose future seems scarcely less grand than that of our own republic."

Mr. BLOW, the object of these honors, has indeed done the state some service—as a private citizen, eminent for his enterprise and broad views, as a patriot in trying times, as a member of Congress, and as a minister abroad. He is a native of Southampton, Virginia, but moved when quite young to Alabama. In 1831 he went to St. Louis. He early became interested in mining lands of immense value, and by manufactures and by mines he has accumulated a large fortune.

One would have judged, from his birth and associations with the South (spending many winters at New Orleans, etc., etc.), that his sympathies would have been with the late rebellion. But he was among the first in Missouri to declare slavery inconsistent with republican institutions, and evinced his love of liberty and justice in early life, when he became the security of, and advanced the money to, DRED SCOTT, in order that that slave, whose name has become famous by his suit, might test the Constitution of this country in regard to the *status* of the black man. Mr. BLOW took a decided stand in the important events of Missouri during the rebellion. He was the friend and counselor of General LYON, and enjoyed the most confidential relations with Mr. LINCOLN. In 1862 he was sent as Minister, with extraordinary powers, to Venezuela, and filled his mission with such satisfaction that Mr. LINCOLN desired to give him a European mission; but, believing that he could serve his country better at home, Mr. BLOW returned to St. Louis, where, in 1863, he was elected by a large majority as Representative to Congress. In 1865 he was re-elected by such overwhelming odds that his opponent received but 1300 votes to Mr. BLOW'S 13,700. He was placed upon the two most important committees at the same time, viz., those of Ways and Means and of Reconstruction, and served on both with assiduity and acceptance.

Mr. BLOW, with his accomplished family, will do much as the representative of the United States to bind our country and Brazil in closer relations.

## THE HEMPSTEAD PLAINS.

THE purchase of Hempstead Plains—a tract of land in the interior of Long Island, consisting of 7000 acres—by Mr. A. T. STEWART was ratified by the citizens of Hempstead July 17. We give on this page a very full map of this region, showing its connection by railroad with Brooklyn and New York. This tract cost Mr. STEWART $400,000; and we understand that it is his design to spend from six to ten millions of dollars in the erection upon it of homes for the working-classes of New York and Brooklyn. This design is so gigantic that it throws into the shade every attempt of the kind hitherto made. The situation of the lands purchased is admirably adapted to the purposes contemplated. They are abundantly supplied with the purest water; the Ridgewood Water-works of Brooklyn are fed by the springs of this region. As will be seen by a glance at our map, the Long Island and the Southside railroads (with a branch road connecting them, and running across the Plains) afford unusual facilities for communication with the two neighboring cities. With the improvements which Mr. STEWART will carry out; with a township of beautiful and healthful homes; with parks, gardens, and public buildings for educational purposes and for those of amusement, Hempstead Plains, hitherto a desert, will be made to blossom as the rose; it will be the most beautiful suburb in the vicinity of New York. God speed the undertaking!

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

How shall we keep cool—that is, as cool as it is possible to do—during the next six weeks? Many are constantly *thinking* how hot it is; they fan themselves violently, thus heating the blood ten times more by the exercise than it is cooled by the artificial breeze; then they drink some ice-water, or some soda-water; then they say, "How dreadfully hot it is!" and they abandon all idea of doing any thing but to try to keep cool; and it is this persistent *effort* to keep cool that makes every body so disagreeably warm. The discomfort from heat is largely the result of a sort of nervous imagination. Not that it is not hot. It *is* hot; but thinking about it all the time makes it hotter. A few simple rules should be observed during the "heated term." The diet should be light, and chiefly fruits and vegetables. The dress, of course, should be light, and often changed; nothing worn during the day should be worn at night. Bathe frequently, but not to excess. Water will best quench the thirst, and if drank *slowly* is not injurious. If one will adopt some such simple rules as these, and then quietly and steadily occupy the mind with some topic more interesting than the heat, avoiding excitement, and enduring what must be endured with as little fuss as possible, he will find he suffers far less than if he spends the whole twenty-four hours in trying to keep cool.

The recent disaster which occurred on the Kansas Pacific Railroad appears to have originated in the effects of the late heavy rains in that section of the country. A bridge, only about thirty feet in length, which spanned a ravine from fifteen to twenty feet deep, was the scene of the disaster. The bridge and track were apparently in good order, but no sooner had the engine moved upon it than the bridge gave way and the locomotive was precipitated into the ravine, followed by the cars. The smash was terrible, two persons being instantly killed and many severely injured. An examination after the accident showed that the giving way of the bridge was caused by what is known as a "bent" having been wrested from under the trestle-work by the flood caused by the heavy rains, and leaving this portion of the bridge unsupported. This was not perceptible before the accident occurred, and the track and bridge were apparently intact. The disaster is believed to have been purely accidental.

The Centennial Commencement of Dartmouth College was celebrated at Hanover on July 21 with great spirit and enthusiasm. The occasion brought together a multitude of the alumni and others from all parts of the country. A large tent, capable of holding three thousand persons, was erected on the Common, and was densely packed with the graduates and the friends of the College. Many distinguished men were present, among whom was General Sherman. The morning exercises consisted of an address of welcome by President Smith, an historical address by President Brown, of Hamilton College, and the singing of an original ode by one of the alumni. In the afternoon Chief Justice Chase delivered an address, which was followed by a poem. During the latter exercise Hanover was visited by one of the most violent storms ever known in that section, which caused an abridgment of the performances.

Race-horses from all parts of the country are now daily arriving at Saratoga. The fashionable world is also turning its face Saratoga-ward. August will bring gayety enough—racing, gambling, and betting, in addition to the usual programme of drinking, dressing, and dancing.

Buffalo River is to be made longer and deeper, to accommodate the increasing commerce of the lakes and canals. The work of excavating the rock has already commenced, and it is proposed to excavate to a sufficient depth to allow vessels to load with coal at their docks.

It is comforting during this hot season to be assured that the filthy streets in many parts of our city are receiving some special attention from the Sanitary Superintendent, and that lime, coal-tar, and creosote have been scattered abroad with a liberal hand. It is to be hoped that these cleansing processes will continue to go on *ad infinitum*.

We learn from an exchange that the famed American painter, Bierstadt, has met with great success in Paris this year. His *salon* at the Grand Hotel has been a most interesting place both in a social and in an artistic point of view. Celebrities from all quarters of the globe have gathered there. Among the new paintings of this artist is "The Bridal Veil," a view of the Yosemite Valley—a superb work, which was commenced at Rome and completed in Paris. Another painting of great power is "A Storm on the Prairie." We understand from family friends of Mr. Bierstadt that he is expected to return to America about this time; and that he has work in hand, and planned for the future, sufficient to occupy his time for some years.

We may expect that some of our art galleries will open rare attractions in the fall. Mr. Knoedler and Mr. Schaus are both in Europe, and have already purchased many fine paintings, which are on their way to this country.

A French journal hints that if one desires to write a document so as to render attempts at altering impossible, it can be done by steeping paper in a very, *very* weak solution of gallic acid. A writing surface is thus obtained upon which ordinary ink makes a mark that defies deceitful erasure or alteration, by rendering any attempt at such easily detectable.

The great centre of interest at Long Branch last week was President Grant. He and his family were located at the Stetson House, but every thing concerning them went on in the most quiet and unostentatious manner. The President was desirous of quiet and rest, and evidently designs to secure it if other people do not interfere. He smokes his inevitable cigar, drives, dines, bathes, and walks on the beach, and with his family joins the social circle in the drawing-room occasionally. In short, he does just as any gentleman would do who wishes to refresh himself by a visit at the sea-shore.

The Sultan has decided to be present at the opening of the Suez Canal, on the 17th of November next, and his movements will be a matter of intense interest to many. The Minister of Finance has received an order to place 12,000,000 francs at the disposal of the Treasurer of the Privy Purse, and this sum very likely will be devoted only to preparations for the journey.

Magazine literature is the rage in London. No less than six hundred and sixty-five magazines, including quarterlies, are now published in Great Britain. But while there is frequent announcement of a fresh periodical, just as often the record of a deceased magazine is made. Over thirteen hundred newspapers are at present published in Great Britain. In this country there are thirty-five hundred, of which five-sevenths are issued in the Northern States.

A Christian bargain or sale is one in which there is neither cheating for profit nor lying for gain.

A Christian yard is thirty-six inches, and is not shortened by the handling of the stick.

A Christian pound weighs sixteen ounces, and is at least evenly balanced.

A Christian bushel contains 332 cubic inches, and is filled brimful.

A Christian ton is 2000 pounds, and is not roughly judged, but conscientiously weighed.

It is currently reported that the Emperor of the French will confer the title of "Duke of Suez" on M. Ferdinand de Lesseps at the official opening of the Suez Canal, in commemoration of the successful completion of his great undertaking. M. de Lesseps was born at Versailles on November 19, 1805. Perhaps, if November 19 did not happen to come on a Friday this year, the birthday of the great engineer might have been celebrated by the opening of the Suez Canal, which would have been very pleasant and appropriate. But, doubtless, if the thing was thought of, popular prejudice against Friday prevailed—so the 17th of November is the great day of ceremonies.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE movement that was "on foot" has taken a carriage.

"I have very little respect for the ties of this world," as the chap said when the rope was put around his neck.

An intolerable bore, having talked a friend nearly out of his senses, finally struck out on "the oyster," which he called "one of the most remarkable specimens of creative wisdom extant," when his friend interrupted him, and "closed the debate," with the exclamation: "The oyster! Ah, yes, the oyster is a glorious fellow; he always knows when to shut up!"

If the doctor orders *bark*, has not the patient a right to growl?

### SONG OF A HORSE.

A poor old stage-horse, lank and thin,
Not much else but bones and skin,
I jog along, week out week in,
Kicked and cursed and meanly fed,
Jammed in the side and jerked by the head.
And the thing I can't at all make out,
Is what on earth it's all about.
Why was I made to toil and tug
For this little odd human bug,
Two-legged, dumpy as a jug,
Who sits aloft my ribs to batter—
Or why was he made, for that matter?
And, if I needs must be created,
Why is it that I was not fated
To prance and curvet, finely-mated,
Silver-harnessed, sleek and fat,
With groom and blanket, and all that?
Here I go, day after day,
Pounding and slipping down Broadway,
Dragging these curious biped things,
With fore-legs gone and yet no wings—
Where they all go to I don't know,
Nor why in the world they hurry so,
Nor what good use Heaven puts them to!
It wasn't my fault, you see, at all,
That my joints grew big and my muscles small,
And so I missed a rich man's stall.
I'm clumsy, stupid, crooked, slow,
Yet the meanest horse is a horse, you know,
As well as the glossiest nags that go.
O Lord! how long will they use me so?
And when may the equine spirit go
Where glorified horses stand in a row,
Switching their bright tails to and fro,
Careless of either wheels or whoa?
Where oats are always apropos,
And flies don't grow?
Oh no!
O!

"Why, Sambo, how black you are!" said a gentleman the other day to a negro waiter at a hotel. "How in the name of wonder did you get so black?"

"Why, look here, massa, de reason am dis: de day dis chile was born dere was an eclipse."

A photographer in Massachusetts was recently visited by a young woman, who, with sweet simplicity, asked: "How long does it take to get a photograph after you leave your measure?"

A home missionary was asked the cause of his poverty. "Principally," said he, with a twinkle of the eye, "because I have preached so much *without notes*."

"Do you believe in the appearance of spirits, father?" asked a rather fast young man of his indulgent sire. "No, Tom, but I believe in their disappearance, since I missed my bottle of Bourbon last night," replied the old gentleman.

A QUEER IDEA OF JUSTICE.—A blacksmith of a village in Spain murdered a man, and was condemned to be hanged. The chief peasants of the place joined together, and begged the alcalde that the blacksmith might not suffer, because he was necessary to the place, which could not do without a blacksmith to shoe horses, mend wheels, etc. "But," said the alcalde, "how can I fulfill justice?" A laborer answered, "Sir, there are two weavers in the village, and for so small a place one is enough; hang the other."

FLIRTATION.—[See Poem, Page 506.]

A SUMMER EVENING ON THE BOULEVARDS OF PARIS.—[See Page 500.]

## FLIRTATION.

*See Illustration on page 504.*

I.

Flirtation is a very pretty art:
And, on a pleasant summer afternoon,
What's nicer than, from others far apart,
To utter love's low tune?

II.

Or in a moonlit balcony to talk
Delicious nonsense insignificant,
While no weird phantoms of the future stalk,
And amorous bosoms pant?

III.

Pleasant but wrong. At least there *are* some children
Whom the delightful, difficult process hurts;
They find the practice of the art bewildering....
For there are flirts—and flirts.

IV.

Elderly girls there are, and widows clever,
Endowed with every gift save youth's soft charm,
Who very willingly would flirt forever,
Who can not come to harm.

V.

And let us warn the exquisite young creatures,
Fresh from their strawberries and cream, and fun,
That, when they flirt with fools of whiskered features,
Often some harm is done.

VI.

The innocent child meets with some idiot splendid
Who makes her warm white bosom palpitate—
But with the evening's talk the thing is ended,
And she is left to fate.

VII.

The empty-headed blockhead finds his victim
In shadowy balcony under summer's moon:
I wish her brother had been there, and kicked him
Into this week's cartoon.

## SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

### CHAPTER XXXII.

HE WOULD AND HE WOULD NOT.

"Who was that talking to you at the door?" Moore said, with a sudden flash of recollection of some indistinct murmur which had seemed to come from the porch. "Was it Douglas? why didn't he come in and say good-night?"

The old man's utterance was so confused now that it required a practiced ear to understand his meaning. Azalea's intelligence was aided by her consciousness. "It wasn't Mr. Douglas," she stammered.

"It should have been Douglas," Moore maundered; "who else should walk so late with you?"

"It was Captain Mowbray," she explained; "you know who he is, daddy, don't you?"

Moore shook his head and looked at her fixedly; then his eyes and his thoughts wandered off somewhere into the dim realms of imperfect reason.

"What is it? what is vexing you, daddy?" the girl asked, caressing his hand.

He touched her hair softly, and said, "It's like Mary's."

Mary was his dead wife, long since forgotten by all excepting him, and even he only remembered her by fits and starts. Presently his thoughts reverted to his first question.

"I'm sure I heard some one whispering; why don't you tell me who it was, Azalea? It's dreadful to hear things and not know what you're hearing."

"It was Captain Mowbray and myself," Azalea said, distressed at his manner, which seemed to be more than usually confused.

"I don't like it—I don't like it—harm will come of it. I shall see him, Azalea; you must ask him to come to me. I shall tell him to go away." Not observing how blank the girl's face grew at this suggestion, he went on: "I shall be happy then, dear; I'm so afraid he might harm you, and I'm not strong enough to help you." He cried a little as he lifted his hands feebly in illustration of his weakness.

The next morning Douglas came once more to Auriel. He had kept away two or three days, and Azalea, though she commented on his absence, scarcely regretted it; he had become so stern, almost savage, in his manner, so abrupt and bitter that, without seeking to account to herself for his conduct, she shrank from him, and the face of the younger man seemed brighter and more goodly in her sight when contrasted with the other's fierce gray eyes and frowning brow. On this morning Douglas did not linger with Moore, as had been his habit ere seeking Azalea; he inquired for her at once, and hearing from old Sally that "Miss had gone to the apple-loft," he followed her thither.

"I am come to bid you good-by," he said, abruptly.

Azalea was indemnifying herself for her previous fast by a raid on her favorite fruit. With a half-eaten apple in one hand, with the other upholding an apronful of the apple's compatriots, she sat in the doorway of the loft, her feet resting on one of the upper bars of the ladder, her hair blown in the wind and bright with sunlight.

"I am going away"—he paused—"for some time."

Such a yearning, wistful face it was that was upturned to hers.

"Going away!" she echoed; "and what will poor daddy do without you?"

He lowered his face that she might not see his visible disappointment.

"I shall be back as soon as possible," he said, presently. "You must tell Moore so, and explain to him the cause of my absence; I have no time to do so myself. There is a man whom I once knew—a comrade in my old hap-hazard life at the Cape; when I last saw him he was a model of manhood, tall, strong, gay, and combative: he is dying in an attic in London. He begged his way to this country to seek a relative, and has found a blank instead. His brother was dead; and now I am the only person in this country to whom he is not an utter stranger."

He held out his hand and grasped hers; as he looked at her the pain of his impending departure seemed intolerable. It was all he could do to restrain himself from taking her in his arms and crying, "Love me; for pity's sake give me back a grain for my all!" As he lingered a footstep broke the silence, and Azalea, looking up with a vivid flush on her face, withdrew every thought from Douglas, his intended journey, and its object, and was conscious only that the delicious new emotion in her life was before her, personified by the handsome, smiling young man, who seemed in such perfect accord with the bright beauty of the morning.

Douglas looked at the pair in silence for a moment; then releasing Azalea's hand and nodding to Mowbray, he turned to go.

"Hallo! where are you off to?" Thurstan said, pleasantly.

"I am going to town, and am on my way to the station. Will you come a few steps with me?" Douglas answered, after a short pause.

"Delighted! Miss Moore, I'll be back directly, and have a go in at the apples."

The elder man moody and preoccupied, the younger one cheerful and unconcerned, went a few yards without speaking—Thurstan whistling a tune and swinging his cane. When they had arrived at the end of the avenue Douglas stopped.

"Mowbray," he said, abruptly, "you were once kind enough to say you'd do any thing for me that lay in your power."

"So I would, old fellow," the other answered, heartily.

Douglas hesitated, then, without looking at his companion, said, slowly:

"I wish you would hunt more, and look at books and pictures less; pursuing a fox is a better day's work than hunting down a soul. Azalea is alone, and unprotected. Hitherto she has known neither evil nor unhappiness. Promise me, Mowbray, that you will not harm a thing so defenseless. There are plenty of women in the modern Babylon, yonder, whom you can scarcely injure by your attentions. Honor this one by your neglect."

"I mean her no harm," Thurstan said, reflectively.

"You mean her no harm!" Douglas echoed, bitterly. "I dare say not. People who 'mean no harm' are the accomplices in every crime. What does it matter what the intention was, when the result is a life destroyed or a soul warped? Leave these evil tricks to women, Mowbray. Men should be above treachery. Let this girl be. She and her old father are the only friends I have on earth."

"I wish you wouldn't come down on a fellow so sharp," Captain Mowbray said, uncomfortably. "I not only don't mean, but won't do any harm; will that content you? I am going to town shortly for a few days, and I will take that opportunity of slackening the intimacy a little. Let her down easy, in fact."

"You be d—d," muttered Douglas under his breath.

"Eh, what did you say?" asked his unconscious companion.

"I only wished to know when you were going?"

"Very soon; the fact is, Lady Di is in town, and—"

"What!" cried Douglas, in a tone of mingled scorn and wonder; "do you mean to say that cheat has still any delusion for you?"

"Did not Samson find Delilah lovely even to the third treachery?" the younger man said, smiling. Then, with a change of manner, he took Douglas's hand.

"I will lay to heart what you have said. I confess it won't be easy; but I know it's best for her—and I owe you something. You may be easy in your mind. I give you my word Azalea shall meet no dishonorable treatment at my hands. After I have gone a week she will probably forget my existence. Good-by."

"How she would hate me," thought Douglas, as he turned his steps toward the high-road, "did she know that mine was the hand to break down the web!"

Yet his heart felt lighter than it had done for many days past. Love and selfishness are incompatible. Reason said, "It is for her sake." His heart confessed, "It is for mine."

Meanwhile Captain Mowbray returned to the apple-house, where Azalea was still perched high up against the ivied wall. For a while he was silent and passive, and stood at the foot of the ladder, meditatively pulling his mustache. Then he looked up at the girl and sighed; much such a sigh as a child might give put on his parole not to touch forbidden dainties. She looked prettier than usual, he thought. But what pleasure does not seem at its sweetest when it must perforce be resigned?

There was a pretty girl who, he felt sure, loved him (men "feel sure" on these subjects much sooner than women do, although we are accredited with the greater share of vanity), and he would like very much to take her in his arms, and say how "awfully fond he was of her," and now he had as good as promised he would throw her over. How on earth was he to explain his change of manner? It was only yesterday he had said he loved her, and now he was going away, to leave her for good and all—and he had never had that kiss! He went a few steps up the ladder, and asked her to throw him some fruit.

She held out a basketful, and the contact of her bare, round arms with his sleeve brought him yet a few steps nearer to her. He had found it difficult to retain his coldness of manner when he was at the foot of the ladder; now the difficulty apparently became impossibility; for when he found himself opposite the lovely face he suddenly flung down the apples, and, forgetting all his resolutions, kissed her.

Azalea was struck motionless, and on her was the hush of a great shame; but when her lover lowered his face in her hands (for at the tender touch of her innocent lips his boldness melted into a softer feeling), and craved pardon for his offense—when he said that he loved her—that she must forgive him—that he was a d—d good-for-nothing scoundrel—that he must leave her, it was best so—but he loved her dearly—and might he kiss once more before he said good-by for good and all?—when he poured out all this with a sort of rough eloquence, Azalea only partially understood his meaning. She did not comprehend the vague self-accusation, or the shadowy allusions to his departure. She heard distinctly, "I love you—I love you." And then the sense of shame gave place to another feeling impossible to analyze. It was joy—shy like a child's, but intense as a woman's. A joy so ineffably sweet in its mysteriousness, so vivid in its quality, that she would fain have put out her hands and stopped this golden hour in its progress. Why did not the bird stay its flight; the leaf rest on the bough; the insect hang motionless in mid-air? Why did not all Nature pause in sympathy with the charm by which she was spell-bound?

What could have been expected of this creature, who was little better than a dryad, than that she should sit motionless in the autumn haze, and think that all the world should turn to gold like the beech, and hold its big breath with her trance!

Captain Mowbray took a more practical and ordinary view of what was to him a not uncommon event.

"What a fool I am!" he said to himself, ruefully, as he walked back to Holme that afternoon. "I might have known I shouldn't keep my word. But what a charming little mouth it is! Who could injure such a pretty child? The devil of it is that I've promised to go there again to-morrow."

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

AZALEA.

While the two in the sunshine outside parleyed with love, George Moore was communing with death. When Azalea left her foster-father in the morning he was lying on his sofa, more than usually well and cheerful, watching with interest the eccentric motions of a kitten, beating time with his fingers when the clock chimed, and mumbling various directions to old Sally, who rejoiced in Master Moore's asperity, taking it as a sign that he "must be feeling better, poor dear."

The change came suddenly at last. When Azalea returned to his presence she said, with a sudden pang of disquietude:

"I don't think he seems so well as usual, Sally; do you?"

And Sally, better accustomed to symptoms of disease, shook her head.

"I have made bold to send the little boy who brought the milk to the doctor's to ask him if he can't step this way presently. According to my thinking, Miss Azalea, Maister Moore won't trouble us long."

The old woman meant no unkindness. She only spoke after the manner of her class. To the poor, who have to grapple with life as with an enemy, death does not wear so harsh an aspect as he does to earth's more pampered children; but her words sounded horrible to Azalea. With a face bleached of all its glow, and an expression of anguish about her quivering mouth, she flung herself down in a heap by the old man's side.

"Are you feeling ill, father?" she cried; "speak to me, just once." And while, with passionate iteration, she besought for the comfort of a familiar tone which might ease her sick terror, George Moore looked vacantly at the clock and answered not a word.

The doctor shook his head when he saw his patient's state; and he told them frankly that the old man would not live many hours longer—perhaps not more than twelve. He gave them a few simple directions, the gist of them being that the patient was to be disturbed as little as possible.

"You can do nothing?"

Azalea repeated the words mechanically, as she sat and stared at the dear face which was so soon to be—What? She scarcely knew. Something which would transfigure the familiar lineaments into awfulness.

All through the night George Moore lay motionless, turning upward eyes which seemed to reflect a deeper awe than that of the solemn shadows they gazed on. It was not until dawn that he spoke. Then he muttered,

"Azalea!"

She was at his side in an instant, and was in time to receive the only heritage he could bequeath her. Even as he looked a blessing on her pale face, the priceless guerdon of endless peace was granted to his own.

Later in the day Captain Mowbray stood in the Auriel conservatory, wondering greatly why Azalea did not meet him as usual. He had come straight to this, their usual trysting-place, and had not heard of the tragedy which had been enacted in one of the chambers of the desolate house. Auriel was ordinarily so silent that even death could not intensify its calm.

Thurstan paced the dull red flags impatiently; but yesterday he had decided to relinquish the temptation of this girl's presence, and now it irked him that his temptation should not fall in his way so soon by ten minutes as he had expected. He had not decided on his plans for the future; he thought he should have to part from her very soon. He intended no evil, he would not act unfairly to her; but it would be brutal to leave her without an explanation and another kiss. Captain Mowbray suffered from the not uncommon delusion that kindness of manner palliates the motive which pains; but who cares how the knife is fashioned that gives the stab which murders? If he vacillated as to what course he should pursue in the future, he was quite certain that he craved her presence now; and he paced the dull red flags impatiently, and twitched spitefully at the weltered leaves that trembled with decay on the twisted vine-boughs overhead.

When at last Thurstan heard a light step rustle the dead leaves which the rain had clammed together on the threshold his face brightened, and he moved forward quickly, with his hands outstretched, and then he stopped, checked by the unwonted look in the girl's face.

"What is it? what has happened?" Thurstan said, anxiously.

Then, dumbly, like an animal which, by the distress in its eyes, draws its master to the spot where its offspring lies hurt, the girl led her lover toward the chamber of death. And when Captain Mowbray learned what had happened, and found himself confronted by the unseeing scrutiny of the dead man's gaze; when he realized that, in the whole wide world, this desolate girl had no one but himself on whom to depend for protection and love, every latent good quality he possessed arose to champion her cause; he could think no wrong to that helpless creature who, after one look of despair at the motionless form on the bed, came to his arms for comfort in her dire agony—for shelter from the nameless terror which was oppressing her. The young man felt his own face grow hot with tears as he strove to caress away the misery in hers.

"Hush, my darling, hush; don't cry so. I will take care of you—I will love you all my life. Kiss me, Azalea, and be comforted."

Idle words, but none the less honestly meant at the time. That night, when Captain Mowbray held his last interview with the dead, the gentleman made a compact with the peasant now ennobled forever by the hand of God.

George Moore dead shielded Azalea even more effectually than he could have done living. The dumb lips pleaded her cause with all the eloquence of powerlessness. The strangely lustrous eyes reflected Captain Mowbray's conscience in their light, and entreated mercy for the friendless survivor who had been so dear to the corpse while it was man.

"I will marry her," Captain Mowbray said, in answer to the silent interrogation of the dead. "Please God, I'll take good care of her and make her happy."

"Whatever will Miss Azalea do," old Sally said, as the young man placed Azalea in her charge ere he left Auriel that night, "and what will become of me? Muster Moore was as good as five shillings a week to me."

"Take good care of her, and I'll see that you are well paid," Thurstan said, hastily. Then he kissed Azalea's cold cheek and whispered that he would be with her early in the morning.

Thurstan smoked cigarettes with more than usual rapidity in his homeward walk to-night, a symptom with him of mental perturbation.

"Yes," he mused, "I must marry her, I suppose; there is nothing else to be done that I can see; but I must keep it quiet or there'll be a devil of a row with my father and with my creditors."

Then he thought of Lady Di, and sighed. The face of an old love is never so vivid in our memory as when its place is about to be usurped by a new one.

"But, after all, this one is far younger, far prettier, and far fonder of me."

### CHAPTER XXXIV.

WEDDED.

When George Moore was buried, when that solemn presence had passed away from the house, Captain Mowbray breathed more freely, and moved with a gayer step. When he approached the Auriel portals it was a relief to him to think, when he looked up at the windows, that the little bedchamber was no longer tenanted by that soulless effigy of life. Captain Mowbray would fain have treated death as an ill-bred acquaintance; he would look another way if he met him, he would cut him when possible, ignore his presence on every occasion, and feel more injured than shocked when he saw the clownish fellow seize a gentleman's hand, whether the latter willed it or no, and lead him away into the shadows among all sorts of queer company.

The village pastor, an eccentric and accomplished man, who occasionally addressed eloquent homilies to himself (at least he was, as a rule, the only member of his congregation capable of understanding any part of his sermon except the concluding blessing), took an unfair advantage of Captain Mowbray in the funeral sermon, which was preached the Sunday succeeding old Moore's burial. Thurstan had settled himself for a comfortable nap; he had assumed that air of profound attention which is the preface to somnolent oblivion; he had lowered his eyes from Azalea's tear-stained face, and was concentrating his gaze on his boots, when the concluding words of the preacher rang from the pulpit with the solemnity of a storm-bell, whose breath is resonant of shipwreck. He besought his hearers not to walk backward toward the dark road which is the halting-place of all the

nations—not to be beguiled by a vain security into forgetting that grim jailer who will, sooner or later, fetter peasant and peer alike in gyves which no mortal hand may unlink.

"Look you, friends, be careful to amend ere the light stiffens in your eyes—ere the poor guilty heart is pulseless, and the lips vacant forever of their living tenant, the voice—ere you are a carcass for worms to eat and earth to cover as an unsightly object. Make your peace if ye may. Do not barter all for a small part, lest you in the last hour be seized with a pang keener than all life's pleasures were sweet. Infinite hope has been born within us; assuredly infinite mercy will be its reward if we only seek it ere it is too late."

That evening, when Thurstan sought Azalea, he found her writing a letter, on which her tears fell fast. For the first time since this grief had come to her she was constrained to put it into verbal shape. She was telling Robert Douglas that her dear father was dead; and as she traced the letters which recalled to her that nevermore at dawn of sun or shut of eve would she receive greeting from that beloved face—that nevermore, whether in blaze of June or gray of winter, would he note with her the full-orbed peonies blush midst the grasses of the lawn, or the rose-trees blacken under the grip of frost—now as she realized all this, the more keenly, perhaps, because the first dumb horror of her anguish was passing away, leaving her a prey to vivid memories and tender regrets, Azalea felt that to gain back one blessed hour of her foster-father's companionship she would willingly endure the bitterest penance that fate could devise. As she sat in the dim shadows of the saloon her wan cheeks and fair hair accorded well with the pale desolation of that faded chamber. Thurstan half started at her weird appearance; in the blur of the half-light she was as undefined as any other gloom.

"Don't sit so still," he said, hastily; "you might as well be one of those creepy ghosts who are supposed to be partial to late hours and dark corners. *I* should prefer a sunshine myself, if I'd come up from underground. What are you doing?"

"I am writing to Robert," she said, sadly, "to tell him—all about it, you know; I ought to have written before, but I forgot."

Thurstan put his hand caressingly round her throat; the touch of warm flesh and blood put all spectral horrors out of his head.

"My darling," he whispered, "I want you to tell Douglas something else; I want you to say that you have promised to be mine—that you will be my wife as soon as possible. Will you say this, Azalea?—or stop! I had better write it myself."

Keeping one arm still about her he seized a pen with his disengaged hand, and, under the mingled influence of generosity and passion, wrote as follows:

"My dear Old Man,—Azalea has told you of her father's death. I can't make up my mind to leave her; and as the peculiarity of her lonely position makes it unfitting that our intimacy should continue on any other terms, I propose to make her my wife at once. I hope this will meet with your approbation. If it's all the same to you, I'd just as soon keep my marriage dark for a while, as I shall want a little time to prepare my father and my creditors for this news. I fear they'll be dreadfully cut up. I hope you'll be back soon, so that we may make some plans as to what Azalea had best do when my leave is up; I am awfully fond of her, and I dare say every thing will come square at last. I don't know that I should have made up my mind to settle down so soon, but I remembered your advice when I last saw you, and I also remembered that I owed you a debt of gratitude. If I have in any way repaid it by doing the right thing to your friend, I am satisfied; the more so as it is certainly very jolly to have such a pretty little girl so fond of one.

"Yours ever, T. M."

Thurstan sealed this letter without showing it to Azalea; he meant to post it at once, but forgot to do so for more than a week; and by the time it arrived at its destination Robert Douglas had departed from London, and was on his road to Auriel again.

He reached his cottage late one night, and let himself in unobserved. He went straight to his bedchamber and unpacked with jealous care an alabaster figure of Psyche, which the accumulated savings of weeks had enabled him to purchase; to achieve this he had been obliged to deny himself all but the barest necessaries of life. He felt himself quite repaid now as he looked at its pure loveliness, and pictured to himself Azalea's delight when she received this addition to her few treasures.

As his heart beat fast with the great joy of his nearer proximity to her he forgot how unutterably weary had been the lonely hours he had passed by the sick-bed of his dying friend. He put it away from him—the sick longing, the heavy despair which had seemed to weigh him to the dust in the arid desert of that time of absence. He could have sang with the birds, have laughed with the children he passed on the roadside. Had the stars of heaven been within his reach he would have plucked them from their cloudy setting, and cast them away in mere wantonness of sport. So like a madman is the wisest of men when he is bewitched by the radiant insanity of love.

As yet he knew neither of Moore's death nor of Azalea's marriage. The former was dumb, deaf, and blind in yonder church-yard. And the girl—the final hope, the final joy, the one late blossom of Douglas's sterile heart—was sleeping with her head pillowed on her young husband's breast, comforted for her sorrow, and believing that fate could bring her no further woe now that the shield of his love would be evermore about her.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### FIRE.

It was night—the night of Douglas's return home—and Auriel was still as a sepulchre.

It was the dumbest, darkest hour of the night, when a red tongue of flame made a sudden flash of light through the dark shadow of the wainscot at the foot of the old oak staircase. A smouldering beam which had long been threatening mischief behind the panels broke into glaring fury.

While death, the death of suffocation or of scorching agony, was rushing toward them, the pair in the bedchamber slept on, all unconscious. The girl was the first to awake; she awoke with a horrible feeling of stifling, as if some one were gagging her; then she stared round with dazed eyes, and realized that death was in the room with her and with her lover.

"Thurstan," she moaned, "oh, Thurstan."

Then her terror found fuller voice, and she grasped him by the arm, crying:

"Wake up, Thurstan, wake up!"

She did not speak very loudly, but something in the desperate concentration of her tone stirred the sleeper.

"What's the row?"

He was wide awake now, sitting up like one fearing the sudden attack of a foe, yet uncertain as to what quarter the stroke came from. A hot roll of smoke curling in under the door made him comprehend the nature of the danger. In an instant he was at the door, and, opening it cautiously, looked outside into a blackened gulf in place of a landing. Then he closed it, shaking his head, and went quickly to the window and threw it open. The ivy leaves which fringed the casement were steeped in dew and moonlight, the sweet cool breath of night poured its balm into the awe-stricken eyes of the pair.

Azalea dropped one white arm in the forest of leaves, then pulled it back, shaking her head.

"You see," she muttered under her breath, as if fearing lest the red, furious enemy without should hear and punish her speech, "it wouldn't hold any thing heavier than a bird."

She held in her hand a crooked stem of ivy, graced by a trail of foliage. Thurstan looked at it critically. "It won't hold, but it may aid," he said, briefly. "Let us see."

He pulled off the blankets and counterpane, and by his voice and self-possessed manner steadied the girl's trembling hands while she assisted him to knot them together.

"It is still nearly twenty feet from the ground," Thurstan said, when the string of blankets had been let down as far as it would go. "What's to be done now?"

What was to be done? Their eyes began to smart, the girl's face grew more hopeless; there was yet, however, no sign of resignation in Thurstan's face; manhood in its prime of warm blood, fair looks, and eager desires, will not lightly resign the mysterious gift of vitality; he would fight for life inch by inch, he swore in his pride; but when he looked at the girl by his side a softer impulse took possession of him, and, with the reverence of doubt, he added:

"Please God."

He drew up the blankets again, and folding one round her, bade her sit quiet on the bed.

Then he made another effort at the door; he could see nothing now, not even the shadow of the chasm formed by the falling in of the landing-place. The smoke blinded and stifled him. The opposite wall was invisible; so were the mellow-hued paintings which had adorned its side.

She was conscious that this awful moment might be shadowed by a yet greater despair.

"Together, love, together," she muttered. "Let us be together, whatever comes."

"It doesn't matter," he said, sadly. "This chance is gone. Look!" The flames had caught hold of the shelf at the opposite end, and were leaping toward them with ferocious gayety. A fresh cloud of smoke made them recoil behind the shelter of the door. Then Thurstan closed it gently, as one who lets fall a coffin lid over a dead face, and bore the girl back to her couch.

Through the open casement came hints of the quiet night. A distant church-bell tolled the hour to its motionless congregation under the turf. Meadows pale gold in the moonlight, long glooms under the elms, sweet dewy airs, the fitful shadow of a bat crossing the moon's face—such was the scene without. Almost all the innocent lives that haunt the air were stilled in that deep repose; no restless wings fluttered the leaves. Only the sleepy croak of a raven answered the preaching of the church-bell.

Captain Mowbray was still too reliant on the vigor of his health and strength to relinquish hope. Die! of course they should not die! True, their best chance was gone; but death was not meant for such as they. He tried the door again, but the outside gulf was wider, the danger more imminent than ever.

He pulled the rusty wire of the bell violently, in hopes of attracting the attention of the old crone below. He went to the window and shouted until he was hoarse.

He speculated on every possible and impossible mode of escape. He tried to crush in the panels of the wall which divided their room from the saloon; but the tough oak resisted his efforts. He tore up the old carpet into strips and tried to lengthen the ladder of blankets which he had projected. It was not until every effort had ended in frustration that Captain Mowbray began to wonder whether it was of any use repenting of his sins.

He went and sat down by the girl's side, and for a while they spoke no words.

Then he broke the silence.

"It's very horrible," he said, shivering. "Is this death, Azalea?"

"Yes," she said, mechanically, "this is death."

"It's very hard," he cried, savagely. "I am none too good; but oh, my little darling, what have you done to deserve such an end?"

"It might be the harder to bear," she said, in the hushed, awed voice in which she had spoken ever since she had become conscious of their peril.

"I don't see how," he answered, gloomily. "To be burned away to nothing like two helpless idiotic moths, ugh!"

"We are together," she said, simply; and there and then they clung to each other, and were again silent.

Then a reckless mood took possession of Mowbray.

"What's the use of my playing the saint now, at the last moment, when I've lived as a sinner all my life?" he cried. "What's the use of my begging pardon now, like a school-boy repenting in sight of the rod? I have lived what men call a 'fast,' and God calls a bad life. I have rarely thought of sacred things except to take their names in vain. My whole life has been for myself. I have given nothing to my God; what should my God give me?"

"Mercy," whispered the girl, clinging tighter to him; "mercy and forgiveness. *His* forgiveness is not to be measured by man's. It extends to millions, and is infinite. Even at the last moment all that He asks is faith and repentance. Oh, my darling! my darling! let us at least pray that we may not be parted for all eternity."

"It's no use, my dear. A man is judged by his life, not by his death. Should I grovel from fear where I did not kneel for love? After all, 'tis but to go to sleep!" He averted his face from her, and broke into a low song, something about meeting death boldly, and fearing neither man nor devil.

His gay tone sounded more ghastly to Azalea's ear than the saddest wail would have done.

"Don't!" she said, piteously.

Then she clasped her hands on his shoulder, and prayed:

"Our Father which art in heaven—"

"Hark!" interrupted Thurstan; "do you hear *that?*" It was the sound of a beam falling outside.

"Hallowed be thy name," she continued, never relaxing the intentness of her eyes and tone. "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven." Then her voice somewhat failed her. A feeling of suffocation choked her accents; but she looked at Thurstan so earnestly that he was fain to finish the prayer for her. It came to his lips mechanically—he had not uttered it since he was a little boy at his nurse's knee, but the sound of it brought a strange sense of comfort to him. She echoed his "Amen" feebly; her head dropped on his shoulder.

"Kiss me, Thurstan; it may be the last, the very last."

He joined his lips to hers, and took her in his arms; they said no more; that kiss was their farewell. And, with calmness born of despair, the two clung together as though each would shield the other from the impending horror.

It was about this time that Douglas walked to the window of his bedroom, to look, with a glance which was a strange mixture of passion and reverence, a blessing on Azalea's home. Was that mist rising over the Auriel woods? Surely no mist was ever so concentrated over one particular group of firs? Presently the mist rolled away, and was succeeded by a red light, which wavered like a vast torch flared by the wind.

In one brief instant the love in his eyes changed to stupor; then a spasm of unutterable anguish convulsed his face.

"My love! my love! oh my God! Azalea!" To fling off his coat, so that he might run disembarrassed to arouse the inmates of a neighboring cottage, and dispatch them to the village for assistance, was the work of a second.

With a mighty effort he forced his voice into an intelligible order. "Tell them to bring up ladders directly, and send man and horse to W—— for the engine. Tell them it is life or death. Auriel is on fire!" The astounded cottager gaped and queried, but the face, pale as ashes, had flashed past the casement; this apparition in the night had pointed its hand toward the red stain in the sky, like a scared spirit indicating the awful light of hell, and then had disappeared in the mist of distance.

Through dewy meadows which seemed heavy with stifling wind, through thick grass which cumbered the striving feet, over shining roads, through cruel bars made by hedgerows, Robert Douglas ran, his eyes maddened by that terrible light. The mist seemed to cling to him like a winding-sheet; his heart was a burden of stone; yet he did not relax his desperate speed; something within him sustained laboring breath and failing limbs.

One more shadowy group of trees left behind him, and then he leaped rather than ran round the last curve of the path, and Auriel was before him. There was no sign of life about the place save where a few half-stupefied birds flew out of the ivy; no symptom of any effort to escape on the part of its inhabitants; either they slept in unconsciousness, or death had deepened sleep.

Douglas tried to call, but his lips refused to make any sound; he tried the doors, but they were securely fastened.

He beat his hand and arms against the panels; but they were oak, made strong with nails, which bruised his flesh, and against which he could make no impression; then, with the yell of a wild beast, he fled to where he remembered to have seen a tall ladder lying against the ivied wall.

Around this ladder Douglas twined his arms, and with an effort—for his strength was well-nigh spent, and the ladder was heavy—dragged it under the window of Azalea's bedchamber. For one brief second he drooped his face against the bars, crying in his heart:

"Help me, O God, lest I fail!"

Then he lifted up his brow, on which the swollen veins stood out like heavy wales, thrust out his arms, and ran up the steps, crying, in a hoarse voice:

"Azalea, child, I am coming to you!"

In another moment he stood in the open casement, then reeled forward toward the bed, then recoiled, and stood dumb and motionless. On the couch before him were two persons—a girl and a man. Their arms were about each other; the girl's head rested on the man's shoulder; her lips were half open, as though she were still communing with heaven; her eyes, lifted up in a sort of stupor, neither saw nor heeded Douglas. He on his part gazed for one instant on the arms coiled round the younger man's throat; then he plucked at them furiously, and sought to take her. The rough touch aroused her. She moaned—"Thurstan!" and tightened the embrace of her arms.

Douglas drew back as though he had been struck on the face. "Shall she die?" he muttered; "shall I leave her where she is?"

Then he looked at the little feet hanging like two snow-flakes over Mowbray's knees, and pictured them as they might be presently, scorched by the cruel flames.

"I will save her!" he panted; "she shall not be touched! she shall live! but as to him—"

He looked at Mowbray with a glance of inexpressible aversion.

"This smoke will soon kill him," he thought; "he will be dead—dead—dead!"

He repeated the word with vindictive satisfaction.

Meanwhile the roar of flames grew louder, and a portion of the wall near the door fell in. Then a sudden impulse—an impulse born of something greater than human passion—thrilled the miserable wretch who was the only conscious spectator of this strange scene.

"Awake!" he thundered. "Fool! are you going to die like a rat in a hole?"

He seized a jug of water and dashed it against the young man's face; then dragged him to the window and left him there, the night-air blowing in on his bare chest.

Meanwhile the alarm of fire had aroused the sleeping country. From homestead to homestead, from peaceful hamlets to towns where vice keeps vigil, the cry of alarm had passed on with the rapidity of a malign rumor. The quiet lanes round Auriel echoed to the gallop of horses, the flower-beds were trampled down by an excited crowd, a roar of voices began to mingle with the roar of flames, cries of warning and encouragement arose in all directions; presently the crowd, which had surged by to the walls like a disorderly attacking army, paused to observe a strange spectacle.

They saw a man descending the ladder placed against the north tower with a burden over his shoulder. A fair, helpless, half-dead looking thing, whose hair fell around him in a shower of gold; it had white limbs which drooped heavily by its side, and which afforded no sort of assistance to this perilous descent.

"It's a woman!" cried those below. "Hurrah! he's saved her!"

"No, she's dead."

"Not she—only faint."

"Steady the ladder; don't you see it's nearly over?"

Amidst cheers and exclamations, with a sea of pale wondering faces turned up toward him watching his progress with intense excitement, the man on the ladder came down rapidly and gave the form he carried into their arms; then, before question could be asked, he reascended the steps and disappeared into the cloud of smoke issuing from the casement.

When he was next visible he was blackened, scorched, blistered. His hair and eyebrows were singed and his face was undistinguishable. He called out:

"There is a man here; some one of you come and take him. I can not bring him further."

Instantly a dozen hands steadied the ladder. Two men ran up the steps and assisted each other in bringing down the helpless figure of Thurstan Mowbray.

They laid him on the grass and made a space round him. The girl, who had partially recovered her senses, crawled to his side and bent over him. Her first conscious thought was of him, as had been her last.

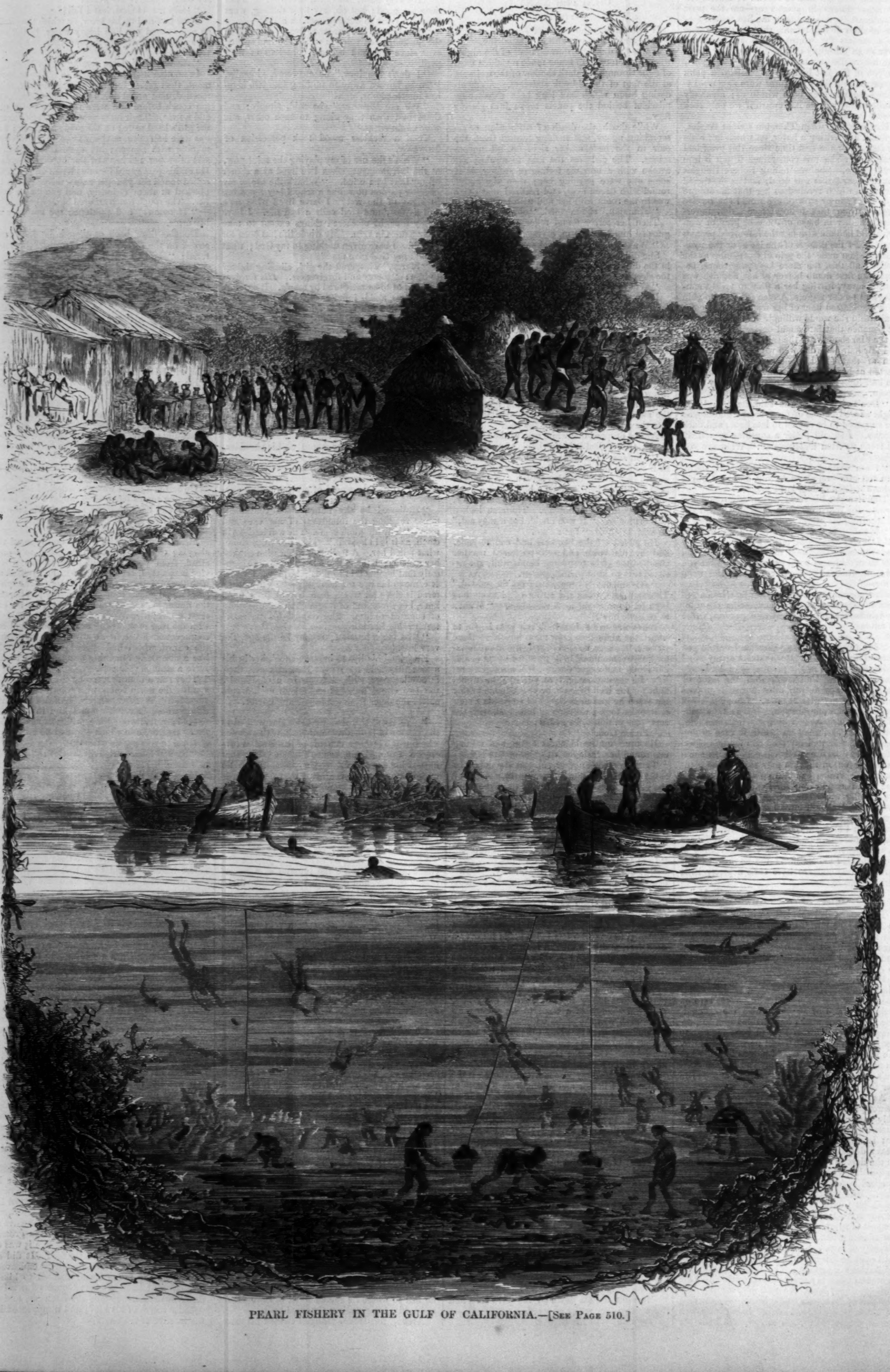
She trembled violently when she realized what had been his danger.

It was not until he was sufficiently recovered to stagger up from his recumbent position that, following his movement with eyes still jealous with fear, she happened to glance at that casement through which they had evaded death. Then a great shriek burst from her white lips.

"Look, Thurstan!" she cried, "Douglas is there. O God! what is he doing?"

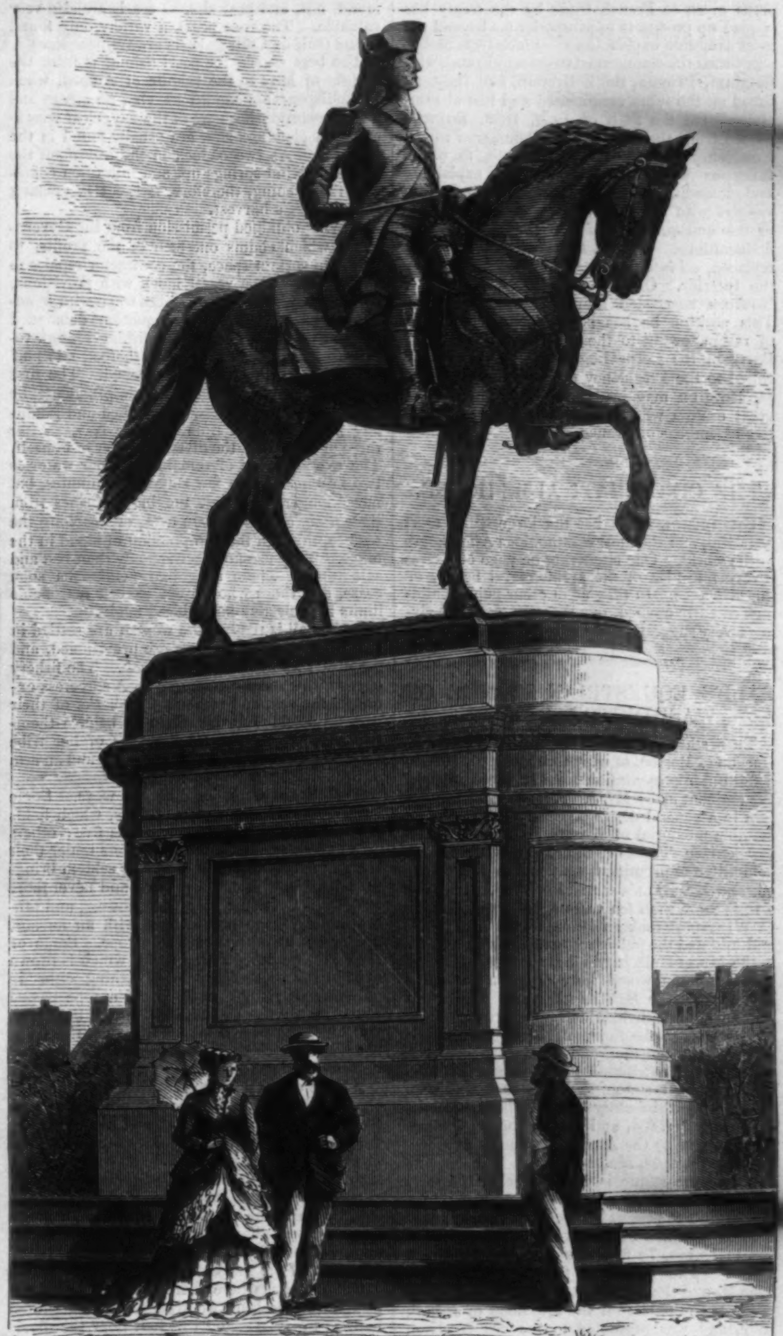
Douglas had waited until Mowbray was safely conveyed to the ground—waited until the last man was off the ladder—had watched the movement made by the girl below as she dragged herself toward her lover.

And then—was it by accident that he gave the ladder a push which hurled it to the ground? Had he anticipated that from its age it was unsound and would snap in its fall? It did so; and as the people below hurriedly endeavored to remedy the fracture and shouted to him to keep a good heart, Robert Douglas turned his face away from the stars, the fresh air, and the friendly voices of his kind, and disappeared into the interior of the chamber.



PEARL FISHERY IN THE GULF OF CALIFORNIA.—[See Page 510.]

M. EUGENE ROUHER.



BALL'S EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF WASHINGTON, PUBLIC GARDEN, BOSTON.
Photographed by J. W. Black, Boston.—[See Page 510.]

## M. ROUHER.

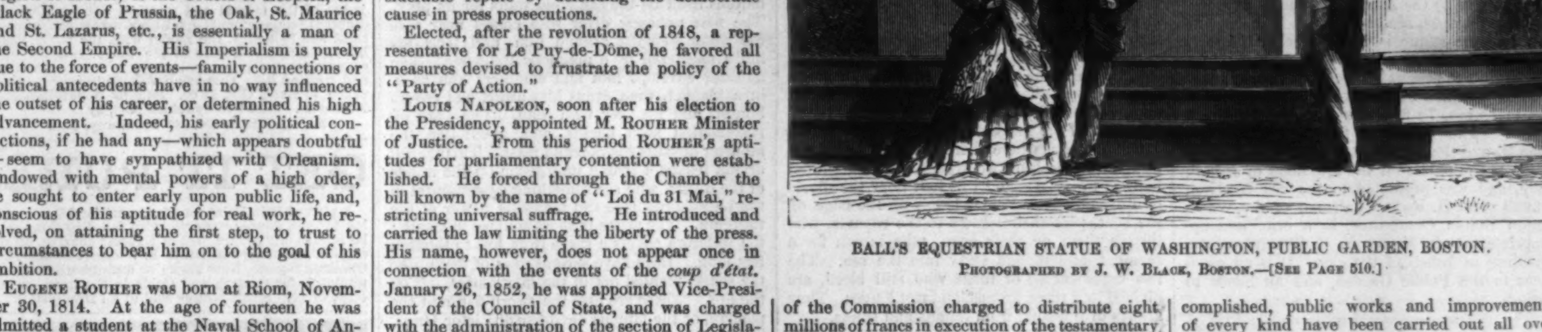
Eugene Rouher, Senator, late Minister of State, Minister of Finance, Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, of the Orders of Leopold, the Black Eagle of Prussia, the Oak, St. Maurice and St. Lazarus, etc., is essentially a man of the Second Empire. His Imperialism is purely due to the force of events—family connections or political antecedents have in no way influenced the outset of his career, or determined his high advancement. Indeed, his early political convictions, if he had any—which appears doubtful—seem to have sympathized with Orleanism. Endowed with mental powers of a high order, he sought to enter early upon public life, and, conscious of his aptitude for real work, he resolved, on attaining the first step, to trust to circumstances to bear him on to the goal of his ambition.

Eugene Rouher was born at Riom, November 30, 1814. At the age of fourteen he was admitted a student at the Naval School of Angoulême; but, fortunately for him, the revolution of 1830 occurred, and the monarchy of July having suppressed that institution his prospects of a naval career were abandoned. On concluding his collegiate studies at Clermont he was sent to the great School of Law in Paris, "pour faire son droit," without which no Frenchman's education is considered complete. After being called to the bar he returned to Riom, where he soon acquired a good practice and considerable repute by defending the democratic cause in press prosecutions.

Elected, after the revolution of 1848, a representative for Le Puy-de-Dôme, he favored all measures devised to frustrate the policy of the "Party of Action."

Louis Napoleon, soon after his election to the Presidency, appointed M. Rouher Minister of Justice. From this period Rouher's aptitudes for parliamentary contention were established. He forced through the Chamber the bill known by the name of "Loi du 31 Mai," restricting universal suffrage. He introduced and carried the law limiting the liberty of the press. His name, however, does not appear once in connection with the events of the *coup d'état*. January 26, 1852, he was appointed Vice-President of the Council of State, and was charged with the administration of the section of Legislation, Justice, and Foreign Affairs. In this new sphere of action his characteristic talents and capacity for work manifested themselves in a conspicuous manner.

M. Rouher was successively President of the Commission of Pensions to aged persons, member of the Commission charged to distribute eight millions of francs in execution of the testamentary disposition of the Emperor Napoleon, and member of the Commission of the Universal Exposition of 1855. On the 3d of February in that year he accepted the port-folio of Agriculture, Commerce, and Public Works. Under his administration immense reforms have been accomplished, public works and improvements of every kind have been carried out all over the country. By a decree of the 12th of June, 1856, he was raised to the dignity of a Senator. In conjunction with Baroche he negotiated with Mr. Cobden the commercial treaty between France and England, which was signed on the 23d of January, 1860. The unexampled im-



ALMS-HOUSE, CINCINNATI, OHIO.—[See Page 510.]

petus given to French trade by the treaty has opened up prospects of prosperity far beyond the most sanguine expectations. Since 1860 he has negotiated the commercial treaties of France with Belgium, Prussia, the Zollverein, and Italy, all based on the same enlightened and liberal principles. On the 24th of June, 1863, Rouher passed from the Ministry of Commerce to the Presidency of the Council of State, to whose functions was added the duty of explaining and defending in the Legislative Chamber, in concert with the Minister of State, the projects of law and questions of policy submitted to its deliberations. Toward the close of the year he replaced, *ad interim*, M. Boudet as Minister of the Interior. On the death of M. Billault, Rouher succeeded him in the Premiership. This position he has been recently compelled to resign, owing to the pressure of the Third Party in the Corps Legislatif. He has been called to the Presidency of the French Senate. M. Rouher may justly be ranked among the great orators who have adorned the deliberative assemblies of France.

## THE CINCINNATI ALMS-HOUSE.

Cincinnati, Ohio, has the largest, the most beautiful, and the most commodious Alms-house in the world. Our engraving on page 509 gives a very fair idea of the architectural beauty of this structure. In this, as in other public buildings recently erected, our Western cities are giving a very suggestive lesson to those in the East.

## BALL'S EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF WASHINGTON, BOSTON.

This statue, recently erected in the Public Garden of Boston, of which we give on page 509 a faithful representation from a photograph by the eminent artist Mr. J. W. Black, had its origin in a general desire of Bostonians to have a suitable memorial of Washington by their fellow-citizen Thomas Ball, the sculptor. A committee of prominent gentlemen was appointed, and Mr. Ball's services secured. This was a little more than ten years ago. Hon. Robert C. Winthrop took an active interest in the plan, and initiated the public movement by an address in the Music Hall, in which he expressed the belief that none would have occasion to repent having "set the *Ball* in motion." Soon afterward a fair was held which added twelve thousand dollars to the fund. The city government appropriated ten thousand dollars; a generous amount was contributed from the surplus fund of the Everett statue, and the work was soon placed on a satisfactory basis. The model was completed in 1864, and the casting, in bronze, was intrusted to the Ames Manufacturing Company, at Chicopee, Massachusetts. The extreme length of the statue is 16 feet, height 16 feet, height of Washington 12 feet, height of plinth 13½ feet. The pedestal, which is of Quincy granite, was designed by Hammatt Billings, is 15 feet in length, 7½ feet in width, and 14 feet in height. The weight of the statue is 10,600 pounds, and the total cost $42,400. It was unveiled to the public on the afternoon of July 3, 1869, and was presented to the city by Hon. Alexander H. Rice, Chairman of the Washington Statue Committee, in a brief and appropriate speech, Mayor N. B. Shurtleff responding in behalf of the city. It is an ornament to the Public Garden, and an honor to Boston.

## PEARL FISHERY IN THE GULF OF CALIFORNIA.

Pearls are found in the bay of La Paz, around the little islands at its entrance. The best fishing-ground is between the island of Spirito Santo and the port of Pichilingo, if we can thus style a creek surrounded with a few bamboo huts, which is nevertheless the general rendezvous of the men interested in the pearl fishery for three months in the year, being abandoned the rest of the time to jackals and fever.

The pearl-oyster found in the Gulf of California differs slightly from that of the Gulf of Ormus and the Indian Ocean. The shell, once open, presents two beautiful, almost circular, valves, resembling wings, and lined with a thick, dazzling, and polished mother-of-pearl, which formerly gave to the Gulf of California the name of the Vermilion Sea. The animal which has built this magnificent abode differs little at first sight from our edible oyster; and may, indeed, be eaten with impunity; it is not, however, agreeable to the taste—raw, it is slimy, bitter, and disgusting; while cooked, it is so hard that it is masticated with difficulty. The fleshy part that adheres to the shell, when thinly sliced and cooked with allspice, is very good eating, but extremely indigestible.

Pearl fishing was commenced in the Gulf of California in 1580, forty-six years after the discovery of the country, by the Jesuits, who discovered the placers and taught the Indians how to dive. From 1580 to 1855, or 275 years, the fishery yielded 1,911,300 cwts. of shells, and 2770 pounds of pearls, worth about $5000 per pound. The average yield during this period has been, therefore, about $50,000 worth of pearls a year. It is necessary to open about seven hundred cwts. of shells to obtain a pound of pearls.

The color of the pearl is very variable, and two are rarely found alike. They range from white to black, including every possible variety of tint, but all marked by the changeable reflections of light found in the mother-of-pearl. The most highly prized are spherical in shape; almond, nut, and pear shaped pearls are also very valuable. The rose pearl, a variety only found in the Gulf of California, is always pear-shaped.

The best season for pearl fishing is from the middle of May to the middle of August, when the indispensable conditions, viz., no breeze and a dead calm during part of the day, clear weather and a cloudless sky, are usually found in the morning. At two o'clock in the afternoon the northeast wind springs up, and rain often comes on; the evening, therefore, is spent in opening the morning's harvest.

Having obtained permission from the Government, which claims one-fifth of the profits, to fish on a certain space, the contractor repairs to Pichilingo, with a vessel laden with provisions, clothing, and trinkets, as bribes wherewith to engage the best divers. The conditions demanded are simple: board during the fishing season, return to their homes at the end thereof, and half the oysters before they are opened. The first few days are spent by the divers in practicing, by diving a little way below the surface and gradually increasing the time of their stay. After three or four trials the diver is master of himself. The average time of remaining under water is two minutes; some few stay three minutes, but never longer. At first the blood gushes from their nose, ears, and even eyes, on reaching the surface, through the compression of blood in the lungs. They use no other remedy than rest and salt-water. These sanguinary emissions soon cease, and those who do not exceed reasonable limits in their stay never bleed again.

At last all is ready; the women are settled in huts on the shore, the huts are provisioned, and the divers are inured to their task. The fishery opens with a solemn ceremony. A sorceress exorcises the sea, and reminds the sharks of their past misdeeds, adjuring them to behave themselves in the future, for the sons of her tribe have lungs of steel, a heart of bronze, and an arm of iron.

The divers work in different ways. Some have a sort of apron with pockets, which holds the oysters and leaves their hands free; others dive naked, and bring up the oysters under their left arm. On the average, a diver seldom brings up more than five or six oysters, and never more than twelve. Some boats have rowers, and others none. Some are moored with an anchor, and others by a stone tied to a rope. Some of the divers go down with a stone, which is drawn up, but the greater part have nothing, either in plunging or rising; a few have a rope passed round their waist and fastened to the boat. In a sea infested with monsters like this, the safest course seems to be to have perfect freedom of movement.

All the divers are armed with a short stick, or estaca, hardened in the fire and pointed at each end. This is their only tool and weapon; they are allowed nothing with which they could open an oyster under water and hide its contents. In each boat there is at least one capataz in the stern to watch the oysters, and another at the bow to warn the divers of danger. In many there is a sorceress, generally old, drunken, and ugly, who shrieks and raves, and, on the whole, frightens off the sharks by the noise she makes.

Good crews, where there are no novices, are usually divided into two groups, working half an hour in turn. During this half hour the divers on duty merely rest their hands on the edge of the boat, pass their oysters to the capataz, who throws them on their heap, take breath for a moment, and plunge anew into the sea. The less experienced, or those who still bleed, are divided into three groups, and rest longer. They always dive fasting from liquids and solids.

On reaching the bottom the diver rapidly detaches the oysters about him with the aid of his estaca, if need be, then rises to the surface. But the opportunities for fraud are numerous. If he sees a shell gaping he quickly opens it by introducing the estaca crosswise, and if he finds nothing, comes up with an oyster or two, saying that they were all that he saw. Some who can stay under water three minutes open a shell every time, for the pearl-oyster is easily opened. They are soon suspected by the capataz, who often detects the fraud by finding the end of the estaca notched or broken. The pearls thus abstracted are either swallowed or introduced into the rectum. The first operation is easy; but the pearls are greatly injured by passing through the digestive canal. The second process leaves the pearl all its brilliancy; but it needs extraordinary skill for a diver to open an oyster, extract the pearl, secrete it, and pick up enough oysters not to rise empty-handed, all in two minutes.

About noon they return to land. Each man divides his pile into two parts, and gives the contractor his choice, keeping the remaining share. Some sell it on the spot to avoid the trouble and risk of opening, acting on the principle that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. The shells belong to the contractor.

There are two ways of opening the oyster: the first consists in doing it immediately with a knife; this is the course employed by contractors who have time and money. The pearls obtained in this way are much more beautiful. The second method, employed by the Indians, who keep their shells, is to let them open of themselves by putrefaction. The mollusks are then torn out one by one, and thrown into a wooden trough; the shells to which a pearl adheres are laid aside, and the whole family, eagerly bending over the trough, sift the miasmatic mass through their fingers. This process generates grave and often mortal diseases. In the fishing season a blind pilot could find his way to the port of Pichilingo by the horrible stench which exhales from it.

The Indians who are fortunate enough to find costly pearls waste their money on the spot, and at the end of the season are generally as poor as before. As to the contractors, their expenses are heavy and their risks great; what with their vessels, crew, and at least sixty divers and their families, whom they have to feed, it is impossible to undertake the business with less than ten thousand dollars; and a man with ten thousand dollars in those countries can find much pleasanter means of investing his capital; the competition, therefore, is very limited.

Attempts have been made at cultivating the pearl-oyster; but where they have been made to live, as in Sweden, the shell has lost its brilliancy, proving that the rays of the tropical sun, which are absorbed by the oyster, are needed to give it its radiant tints. In the culture of the pearl-oyster a tropical latitude, a calm sea, a special ground, and no interposition of shade between the shells and the sun are needed; and then pearls are only found in oysters seven years old.

We must say a few words about the monsters which infest the seas, and which, at other times seldom seen in the Gulf of La Paz, swarm there at the pearl-diving season. The sharks are little dreaded; being obliged to turn over before they can seize their prey, the divers, warned by the clamor from their friends on the boat, have time to escape; or, if attacked, they extend their hand, grasping the estaca, which the shark bites violently; the hardened wood wounds his jaws, which are very tender, and he lets go his victim with a howl of pain. It is a mistake to suppose that sharks scent sickness on board a ship, and follow in its wake in the expectation of devouring a corpse; a body thrown into the sea is always weighted; and as the shark can not dive, and is obliged to turn over in order to bite, the prey is out of his reach before he can attack it.

But if the Indians care little for the shark, it is not so with the tintorera, whose name he never utters without a shudder. There are two kinds of tintoreras; the first is called by the natives *prima* (or cousin) to the shark, which it resembles in general appearance. It is far more dangerous, however, for it swims between two waves, and has its mouth at the end of the muzzle instead of underneath, so that it is not obliged to turn over in order to bite. The second, or the tintorera proper, belongs to the species of angel-fish (an odd kind of angels!), and is a huge, broad, flat fish, which can be compared to nothing better than a great blanket. Both, fortunately, swim slower than the shark, which enables the diver to escape them when the boat is not far off.

These monsters are eager for human flesh, and extremely dangerous through their facility for procuring it. They derive their name, *tintorera*, or dyer, from a dark, viscous fluid which they emit from their bodies, and which seems to have a stupefying effect. The prima eats nothing but living flesh, while the tintorera feeds only on putrefying bodies. The latter is very phosphorescent, and is easily seen at night. It flattens itself on the sand and waits for its prey. The first unhappy diver who comes near sees the water clouded around him, and feels his limbs paralyzed by a magnetic influence. The monster envelops him and smothers him as if in a blanket, then drags him away, and covers himself and his prey with sand. The work of putrefaction soon begins, and, ghoul-like, the monster devours his horrible feast. This fearful drama makes a strong impression on the minds of the divers, who see something supernatural in the phosphorescence and magnetic power of the tintorera. The prima is about ten feet in length; the tintorera covers a space from five to thirteen feet long. Both have several rows of teeth, like the shark, planted not in the maxillaries, but on the lips. There are also the sword-fish and the pieuvre, or the famous devil-fish of Victor Hugo. The latter, though sometimes huge in size, inspires the divers with little terror; they sometimes even catch it and use it for food.

## SUPERSTITION IN RUSSIA.

We hear of horrid sects at present in Russia, practicing human and cannibal sacrifices, with rites almost more devilish than any recorded in history. It is a strange thing how faith may be perverted, and made to minister to the vilest passions. The "Communion of the Flesh of the Lamb" and the "Communion of the Blood of the Lamb" really seem to have been invented by the lowest demons of the bottomless pit. The subject is too revolting to be pursued into detail; it is enough to say, that an infant seven days old is bandaged over the eyes, stretched over a dish, and a silver spoon thrust into the side, so as to pierce the heart. The elect suck the child's blood—that is "the Blood of the Lamb." The body is left to dry up in another dish full of sage, then crushed into powder, and eaten in small cakes. That is "the Flesh of the Lamb." We must really apologize for stating these frightful things, but they are actually occurring in Russia in 1869.

## SUPPRESSION OF GAMBLING IN EUROPE.

It has long been a vexed question whether the interests of morality would be better served by suppressing or continuing to tolerate the gambling-tables which still exist in a few towns on the European continent; the advocates of suppression taking their stand on the immorality of legalizing what they are pleased to term dens of vice and iniquity, while the partisans of toleration assert that the less evil is to be apprehended from a system of gambling conducted fairly and under Government surveillance than from the unlicensed and clandestine tripots to which players would resort if deprived of the facilities which at present exist for the indulgence of their passion. The German hells are all doomed to be suppressed at the expiration of their present leases; a recent vote of the Belgian Chambers has fixed the 31st of October, 1871, as the date on which "Fatal Zero" shall come up for the last time in Spa; and now a petition, signed by 1500 inhabitants of Nice, has been presented to the French Senate praying that body to use its influence to procure the suppression of the great strong-hold of gambling at Monaco. Should their efforts be successful the English settlement in Heligoland will be the last refuge of the lovers of rouge-et-noir and roulette.

## INFLUENCE OF THE MOON.

Mr. R. H. Patterson, in one of the magazines, says that Professor Palmieri, who has so closely studied the phenomena of Vesuvius, declares that there is a perceptible relation between the phases of the moon and the developments of volcanic action. Any one who has lived in the South, or even sailed in the Mediterranean, may have noticed how carefully sleepers in the open air guard their head and face against the rays of the moon, to avert ophthalmia and other ills. In India, meat exposed to the moon-rays immediately putrefies. The moon's influence produces tides and currents in the atmosphere just as it does in the ocean. Some of these facts indicate a lunar action more subtle than science can yet account for.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